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Poetry.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

I took the little hand in mine
And held it to my breast,
Its slender members gave no sign
As mine still closer pressed.
I slyly peeped at each in turn,
Then sighed in mute despair;
One glance had told what I would learn—
There wasn't e'en a pair.

Again I held another hand,
One of a different kind;
With triple chances when 'twas scanned—
Yet doubt was in mind.
A bedizened and crooked straight
With duplicated king;
A diamond bright that held my fate
When placed within the ring.

Dame fortune smiled upon her son
And helped him with her arts;
The diamond discard for me won—
I drew the queen of hearts.
Then o'er I held her to my breast,
And kissed her rosy blush,
Our hearts against each other pressed
And made a royal flush.
—*Town Topics.*

Our Story Teller.

A PRECIPITATED COURTSHIP.

BY ALICE L. CLARK.

Y MISSION to the readers of the Sunday *Chat* is like Mark Antony's traditional attitude to the populace—to tell them that which they themselves do know; and when I tell them that which they do not know, and which I do not know either, the results range from tragedy to comedy. Last January, in the *Chat's* social department, of which I, Priscilla Plume, am the editor, appeared the following:

"Among the engagements which rumor says are soon to be announced, is that of Miss Ethel Arlington, of New York, daughter of Mr. Francis K. Arlington, formerly of this city, and Mr. Theodore G. Wiggswell. Mr. Wiggswell is a nephew of the Hon. George P. Giltedge."

Also:

"Major Poleg Wiggins entertained a number of friends at a masquerade ball on New Year's eve at his beautiful country residence in Walnut park. Among the guests from the city were the Hon. George P. Giltedge and family."

I congratulated myself that I should have an "exclusive" on those items; that they would not appear in our rival, the Saturday *Mail*. I was right; they did not appear in the Saturday *Mail*. On Sunday morning I was looking over the *Chat*, and admiring the discrimination with which the printer interspersed among my notes upon the aristocracy such information and advice as, "Allemand & Co.'s malt whisky is the best," "Buy your spring overcoat at Smoothly's," "For indigestion take Dr. Whittier's Little Pepsin Pills," "Try Smoothly's suspenders and neckties," when a visitor was announced.

Mr. John Spruce entered, said "Good-morning," and immediately observed, "I always did like you to try your hand at betting, Priscilla."

"Well?" I inquired.

"Short stories are an excellent beginning in a literary way. I always felt sure that you had a vivid imagination," he continued, reflectively, "and I really felt hurt that you never took my advice. I've told you again and again, when you are hard up for copy, to write it up out of your own head. Now this new departure—"

"On dear!" I interrupted, as the meaning of these remarks began to dawn upon me, and I picked up the paper. "What is it? Which is it?"

"Don't be agitated," he replied, pointing to the two items I quoted above. "You have often said that more literary tone, and less hard, dry chronicling of facts would improve this sort of work. Now there are no hard, dry chronicling of facts about those paragraphs. If originality and imagination are qualities of literary tone, there you have it."

"I suppose you mean that they are mistakes," I said.

"PURE FICTION," HE REPLIED.

"Pure fiction," he replied, unsympathetically. "I told you about the Peleg Wiggins fancy-dress ball myself, I remember, and I said that Jim Giltedge told me, but I did not say that the Giltedges were there. It happens that they and the Wiggins family are sworn enemies. It's a regular Montague and Capulet feud. I have done considerable law business for Hon. George P. Giltedge in connection with the matter, and I know all about it. I will try to convince him that this item of yours was a mistake, and not a practical joke. But you will probably hear from Wiggins. Really it was an enterprising bit of speculation to concoct that the Giltedges went to that ball. And short engagement. Wiggswell is a cousin of my friend Jim Giltedge, and I happen to know that he has not the pleasure of Miss Arlington's acquaintance. Still, it might be a good match. I suppose you thought it over carefully before you selected her for his wife."

"I mean to write Sumner Bothwell instead of Mr. Wiggswell; they do say that he and Miss Arlington are engaged," I interposed; but John Spruce paid no attention and mused on:

"Wiggswell is an obliging young fellow. Perhaps he will marry her, since you think best. Now I wonder how your plan strikes Miss Arlington?"

"I think that you had better accept a position on our funny column," I said bitterly; "and unless you stop laughing, and think of some way to help me out of this fix, beware! I have not yet announced your engagement, but I may select some eligible young woman for you, and put your name in next week's *Chat*. Please tell me what to do. Of course I can announce in next week's paper that my statement was incorrect, but it is so very humiliating, so stupid, so absurd;" and I blurred a tin-ware advertisement with a few tears. Only a few, however, for I knew that John Spruce was more sympathetic than he seemed, and would help me in this predicament as he had done in others. From our childhood, when we had played together; through our school days, when he had helped me get my lessons, procured the snakes and tadpoles which I insisted upon having for my zoological researches, rescued me from drowning when I skated into air-holes and fell out of boats, and from being killed when I attempted to ride an unruly horse; through the sad time of a few months ago when my father had failed in business and soon after died of heart disease—we had been friends. He had laughed at my mistakes, regarded my mishaps as excellent jokes, but had been in fact generous and sympathetic. To my appeal he replied:

"Well, since you were doing your best to follow my advice in these little literary ventures of yours, I shall have to stand by them. I will see to-day what people are saying about it, and decide accordingly whether you had better bury those unhappy paragraphs in oblivion or explain them. Say that some of the Giltedges were at the ball, although the Hon. George P. could not be present; and as to the engagement, don't commit yourself further than to look wise and say that time will tell whether or not it is true. Just insist, *comme toujours*, that you are right. Now I am going to call on Theodore Giltedge Wiggswell, and give him my blessing and a bunch of flowers."

Following is what passed when John made his call, as he afterwards described it to me:

"Theodore," he began, "my dear friend, my feelings were hurt to learn the happy news from the newspapers instead of from your own lips; but I congratulate you. Accept my blessing and my boutonniere. Miss Arlington is a charming girl."

"By Jove! Spruce," exclaimed Wiggswell, "what does this mean? Is it some joke that you are at the bottom of? It may be funny, but it's getting me into deep water. What's the point?"

"I do not wish to be intrusive, Theodore, but if you announce your engagement to Miss Arlington in the Sunday *Chat*, I suppose an old friend may be permitted to wish you joy."

Wiggswell actually turned pale. "Is that in the paper?" he gasped. "Why, I do not know Miss Arlington—at least I didn't. Is it possible that—" He seemed too much overcome to get on for a minute, and then said: "It's a queer piece of business. Those society reporters find out everything and jump at conclusions, and have it printed and illustrated while the parties interested are making up their minds."

"Yes, they do jump at conclusions," John admitted. "Then I infer that you are not engaged to Miss Arlington?"

"No; but I wish—that is, I was just going to tell you. I am just home from a dinner at the Copleys'. Mrs. Copley remarked, as we took our places at the table, that two vacant places were for Mrs. Arlington and Miss Ethel, whom she expected later, and then she got off something about being surprised at learning the news from the papers, and congratulated me."

"You denied it, of course?" said Spruce.

"Well, no, I didn't; that's the trouble. I was so staggered I couldn't say a word."

"Why, man, what a position to leave Miss Arlington in! What happened when she arrived? Where is your carefully and expensively acquired *savoir-faire*? Why didn't you say something graceful about its being a mistake, a rumor, which you wished were founded on fact? What did they say when Miss Arlington denied it, after you had complacently accepted the situation?"

"Well, as soon as my head stopped swimming and I got my breath I was going to correct the mistake. It would have been uncommonly awkward then, but I was going to do it. Then Miss Arlington came. Talk about *savoir-faire*! I said I was ill, and left," explained the unfortunate Wiggswell.

"This is a nice mess!" ejaculated John Spruce.

"It is a fix," continued the other, "and I've rather made a fool of myself. The idea of calmly accepting congratulations in that public way and leaving as soon as my fiancee came! It looks like a rude thing. It looks as if I wanted to give the idea that we are engaged, and I left when she came so that I should not have to deny it. No matter how much I deny it now, it's duced complicated. Why, every one was there—the Miltons, and the Mappleys, some of the Giltedges, and the Hollings. It will be talked of all over town before night."

"Were there any Wigginses there?" inquired Spruce.

"No—on account of the Giltedge-Wiggins feud—only Mrs. Arlington and Miss Arlington," he replied.

"What! you don't mean that Miss Arlington is a Wiggins? Another Wiggins-Giltedge complication?"

"She's a niece of Peleg Wiggins. I do not quite understand you, Spruce."

"A Montague and a Capulet," murmured Spruce.

Wiggswell reddened. "What do you mean, John? Have you heard—you were not at the masquerade, were you?"

"No; were you? That has that to do with it? I can't see there are more complications in this affair than I thought. Make a clean breast of it now, Theodore."

While Theodore hesitated, there came a hasty knock on the door, and Jim Giltedge entered, elegant, conventional, congratulatory.

"Ah, Theodore, this is a surprise. I had hardly expected that any of us would honor the Wiggins family. I read the notice in the paper this morning, but supposing you would have consulted my father if it were true, passed it over as one of *Chat's* atrocious blunders. But hearing you accept congratulations at dinner, and then Miss Arlington accepted the situation, very prettily, too. By George, I quite admire your taste, Theodore!"

"Miss Arlington denied it, of course!" exclaimed Spruce and Wiggswell in concert.

"Denied it? why, no. Mrs. Copley spoke of having congratulated you, and Miss Arlington blushed very prettily and said she supposed you denied it; and when Mrs. Copley said no, that you seemed quite overcome with your good fortune, Miss Arlington looked quite pleased and charming, by George! I saw that she did not know just what to say, so I rose to the occasion with something graceful, you know, and the conversation turned. I left as soon as possible, fearing you were seriously ill, else you would not have left in—excuse me—such an odd way."

"Wiggswell always was eccentric," murmured Spruce.

"By the way, Theodore," continued his cousin, "how are you now? You look flushed. Let me feel your pulse; very high. You had better take something cooling. Oh, yes. I was going to say I will go with you to call on Miss Arlington any time you like, and I will try to make the matter right with my father. The Hon. George P. hates Peleg Wiggins, but I dare say, when he knows that it's all settled, he will give you his blessing. I tell you, Theodore, you have fever; I never saw you so flushed in my life."

"Oh, she isn't—that is—I'm not, I mean. I haven't. It's all a mistake. There's no ground for it, Jim; not the least," cried Theodore, desperately.

"Well, perhaps not," said his cousin; "but you look devilish ill, flushed face, eyes rather wild, mean fever. I'm on my way to an appointment at the club, and will send Pilkins to see you as I pass his office; you must have a doctor. I will call in again to-night, and if you are no better then, will stay;" and before Theodore could protest, Mr. Giltedge had gone on his way.

John Spruce leaned back in his chair and laughed, but Theodore sat eying the cigar which he had allowed to go out in his hand, in shocked silence. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Worse and worse! It's too late to make Jim come back for an explanation, and he will tell all the fellows at the club that this engagement is a fact. It looks as if I were doing my best to circulate the rumor. How can I ever explain it to Miss Arlington, or to any one?"

"Perhaps no one will believe it anyway. There's a general impression that Miss Arlington is engaged to Sumner Bothwell."

"What! you don't mean it!—that insignificant little fellow! He's an artist, isn't he? Oh, it's impossible—it's preposterous!" exclaimed Wiggswell.

"No, not at all preposterous," his friend replied. "Bothwell is a rising artist. He will be famous in a few years. He knew Miss Arlington abroad."

The gloom deepened in Wiggswell's face. "You see, John," he said, "if they had said I was engaged to one of the girls in our set here, I should not have lost my presence of mind, and allowed the matter to get so complicated and misunderstood; but there are circumstances about this case that—well, in fact, I have escaped for 28 years, John, but the game is up; I am in love with Ethel Arlington, and if this development in the situation spoils the little chance I had, it will be the most serious thing in my life."

"Why, where have you seen her? You told me last week that you didn't know Ethel Arlington, when I told you she was coming on from New York to visit friends here."

Wiggswell unlocked an elaborate jewel case which stood on the table, and took from its solitary resting place therein a handkerchief. He carefully unfolded the bit of embroidered linen and lace and gazed pensively at the initials in the corner—E. A.

"You remember I went to New York for a visit about a year ago, John? This is a souvenir of that occasion. My mother has a second cousin there, a Mrs. Browning, whom I had never seen. I left a card at her house, to please my mother, and the next day found myself honored with the information that Mrs. Browning was at home some evening or other, I forget the date now; but I accepted, and went quite late on the evening mentioned. The rooms were rather crowded; no one in particular seemed to be receiving, and I saw no one whom I knew. Most of the ladies had on bouquets. Mrs. Browning, being the hostess, must be one of those who had not. I figured a little mentally, compared her age with my mother's, and concluded she must be past 50. I picked out a jolly-looking little old lady with gray hair, who was talking to several men; probably she was Cousin Browning. I advanced; the men stopped talking; she looked at me without a sign of recognition, but I expected that. I held out my hand, and said: 'My name is Wiggswell. So awfully kind of you to invite me, Mrs. Browning.' 'Oh, I am not Mrs. Browning. She is in the other parlor, I think,' she replied. The men smiled, and I hurried into the next room. It was no use to guess which of the stolid, rather unhappy-looking women standing about was Mrs. Browning; so that this time I selected a different kind of hostess—a tall, severe-looking woman, bonnetless, and undoubtedly past 50. I approached her confidently and said: 'Mrs. Browning, is it not? My name is Wiggswell. So kind of you—' But I was down on my luck; she wasn't Mrs. Browning either. I think she offered to find the hostess for me, but I was disgusted, and went and leaned against the wall. I was just weighing the claims to the honor of being my hostess of two other women—one tall and stout, gotten up in a purple velvet, and the other small, and dressed in black, both without bonnets, and both past 50—when I suddenly realized that a pretty girl opposite me had been watching me ever since I entered. She was probably pretending to be amused at her companion's conversation, but I saw that she was laughing at me. I blushed, my collar felt limp, and I felt as if my clothes did not fit. I think my hair began to stand on end. I glared wildly around. Was it derision or sympathy in the young woman's smile? Perhaps she was the hostess? Although her youth and her bonnet seemed to forbid the idea. And although I was so unhappy, and she evidently thought me so absurd, I was vaguely wishing that she were Mrs. Browning, and hence my cousin. Still, in that case she was married.

"I dare say that while I was pursuing these speculations I looked as I were losing my mind, for she suddenly spoke to an elderly lady near her, evidently her mother, and coming up to a lady who stood near me, said, quite pointedly, 'Mrs. Browning, we will bid you good evening,' and murmuring the usual thing about a pleasant evening, left the room. I shot a glance of gratitude and admiration at her as she spoke, succeeded by disappointment as she turned to go, though it has since occurred to me that she was obliged to go, having said good-bye. I paid my respects to Mrs. Browning, who was very much the hostess than I was guest, and she was exceedingly kind; but I could think of nothing but my deliverer, the beautiful girl with the merry eyes and the sweet smile. I picked up a handkerchief which lay at Mrs. Browning's feet. It was not hers, she said, and I replied that I would leave it in the dressing-room, that it would no doubt be claimed. I knew that it belonged to my lovely protector, and I did not leave it in the dressing-room. After the reception I assiduously made party calls on Mrs. Browning, hoping to meet the beautiful being who had come to my assistance, but she did not appear. How should I find out about her? I did not know her name, only that the initials were E. A. She did not have an album. I opened it with trembling hands. There was her picture. 'Ah!' I said, 'who is this pretty girl, Cousin Browning?' She replied: 'That is Ethel Arlington. She has gone to Europe, to be gone a year or more.' That finished my series of party calls. I came home. Until lately I did not know whether or not she had returned from Europe. Last Friday evening I went down to the Wiggins's fancy-dress ball."

"Then there were some Giltedges there," remarked John Spruce, in an undertone.

"What did you say, Spruce? Nothing? I just went down there for fun—of course I wasn't invited—and I intended to slip away soon. It does not seem so much of a joke now."

"Well, Theodore, my boy, in the course of 28 years you have been the hero of no end of unique exploits, but I do not recall you ever doing anything so mediæval as going unasked to a ball in a private house. But go on; what else did you do in your role of modern Romeo?"

"By Jove, John, you have hit it! I found Juliet. I had no business to be there, much less to dance, but I did. I danced with a lovely girl in an old Italian costume. There was something fascinating about it. She seemed like someone I knew, but I could not recognize her. I danced with her two or three times, and suddenly she laughed and seemed to recognize me, though she did not speak my name. When the quadrille was finished we went into the conservatory. She took off her mask, and I was simply overcome to find that it was Ethel Arlington. I unmasked, of course, and introduced myself, and thanked her for coming to my rescue at Mrs. Browning's reception. She seemed glad to see me, and we compared notes about what we had done since. She told me about her visit in Europe, and I told her that I had watched the steamer lists over since to see when she returned, and missed her name after all. I kept thinking that I ought to go, but—"

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," observed John.

"Beg pardon, John! You did not speak? I had to tell her I had not been bidden to the feast, and when the company unmasked and I saw the Major and Mrs. Wiggins bearing down on us, I disappeared in the crowd to save Miss Arlington the embarrassment of presenting an uninvited guest. Now, in addition to having appeared in that erratic manner, comes this absurd item in the paper, and my subsequent idiotic behavior at dinner. What do you think, John—is it a hopeless case?"

"Hopeless, Why, Theodore, I congratulate you once more. You ought to treasure that newspaper item, along with the handkerchief, in the jewel case. It has fought half the battle for you. By this time Miss Arlington has considered you as a possible fiance, and there's nothing like getting used to an idea. Strike while the iron is hot; go and make yourself master of the situation. That subject is all up for you as gracefully as possible." Then, dropping his usual jesting manner: "I mean it, Theodore. Go and see her to-day, and propose to her as soon as possible. I wish you happiness, my dear fellow;" and shaking him warmly by the hand, John Spruce left him without another word.

On Sunday afternoon I walked up to the house where Miss Arlington was visiting, reflecting as I went on my reportorial misdeeds. In writing up lists of persons present on notable occasions, to comment on the absent, the unasked, the dead, and left out personages of stupendous importance; I had once dubbed the Rev. Priestly "Major," and reported him on the wrong side of a temperance discussion; I had dressed a debutante in black velvet, en trnine, and her mother in white tulle; I had reported the inventor of a patent soup preparation, the chief of a hotel, as being prominent in a certain recherche social affair. These and similar crimes rose before me like Banquo's ghosts, and I had composed quite a conscience-stricken apology for Miss Arlington's benefit by the time I found myself entering the drawing-room, in obedience to the servant's suggestion that Miss Arlington would be there presently to see another visitor who awaited her. As I glanced around to see who the other visitor might be, I heard Miss Arlington's voice in the library adjoining. "Ah! how do you do, Mr. Wiggswell? I am glad to see you. Mamma and I were very sorry that you were obliged to leave the Copleys before we came. How very strange this talk is, about—about an engagement between us! Can you explain it at all? It was so very odd for us to appear in the Sunday *Chat*."

"I cannot explain that, Miss Arlington, but I particularly want to apologize for seeming to confirm what I had no right to, at dinner. It was stupid, very. I will take pains to correct any false impressions I hear expressed to-morrow. It's all very awkward. I ——" Suddenly his voice changed: "Ethel, I wish it were true. I love you. Every one thinks we are engaged. Suppose we don't deny it!"

"Oh, we must deny it," came the answer, in an astonished tone. Too bad, I thought; but then she added, so low that I scarcely heard it, something which sounded like, "At least for the present."

As I slipped out the door I glanced into the library. Evidently Theodore had heard and comprehended even better than I, Ethel's confession, and it was not wholly the light of the setting sun which had brought the color to her cheeks. A ray of red gold sunshine fell like a happy omen on their clasped hands. On the doorstep I met John Spruce, who asked why there were tears in my eyes, and at my suggestion turned to walk home with me instead of calling on Miss Arlington.

"John," said I impressively, "Ethel Arlington and Theodore Wiggswell will deny their engagement, for the present!"

"What! you don't mean that it's true, after all? How it has?"

"Yes," I assured him; "their engagement is soon to be announced. I was right, *comme toujours*." Then I explained more fully and added, "You see I am not such a marplot after all." John Spruce assured me that I was not a marplot, but he took the opportunity to urge me to give up my profession and follow out other plans which he proposed. In fact, he said many things which suggested a state of mind similar to Mr. Wiggswell's, and I found that changing the subject four times would not alter his train of thought. When we arrived home he accepted a far from pressing invitation to come in, deliberately walked into the parlor, and said:

"Now, Priscilla Plume, it is no use to try to evade the subject any longer. We have practiced your theories about your ability to be independent, and mine to be patient, long enough to have demonstrated them beautifully. I consider both propositions proved. I decline to act my role any more. You know I am going West next autumn.

I want you to go with me. Shall we consider it settled?"

I must have been thinking of Ethel Arlington to have replied, as John says I did, "Well, yes, for the present."

"WELL, YES, FOR THE PRESENT."

He did not seem to think me nearly as obstinate as usual, and when he said good-evening, referred to some promise, which I suppose that there is no doubt I had made, about the 1st of June.

The months hastened by. In May I wrote a long description of the "Wiggswell-Arlington" wedding. That was my last reportorial work. To-morrow, as the Sunday *Chat* might phrase it, the marriage of Miss Priscilla Plume and Mr. John Spruce will be solemnized. Mr. and Mrs. Spruce will go to the Adirondacks for a short trip, and next fall will settle in the West, where Mr. Spruce will continue the practice of law.—*Harper's Weekly.*

MIDSUMMER.

F. D. SHERMAN.

THE blossoms and buds are thicker
To-day on the slender vine;
The pulse of the rose beats quicker
Revived by the morning's wine;
A gladness is in the air,
And bees in the golden glare
Go humming a drowsy tune
In gardens whose breasts are fair
With odorous flowers a-swoon

In summer's lethean noon;
The river is smooth like glass
And mirrors the clouds that pass.
But never a wave lips
Unfolds to the fringing grass
The secret of any ship
That on its blue bosom lies
Reclined under listless skies,
And not a siren sings
A song where she folds her wings.

With joy are the heavens shaken,
And water their every wave
When birds at the nightfall awaken
A melody blithe and new;
And wafted across the gloom,
It hints of the fragrant bloom,
As though the incense caught,
The soul of the woods' perfume
Were given a voice and taught
To sing what the verdure thought.
The nymphs of the meadow streams
Are wrapt in the moon's pale beams,
And never a harsh note nears
The hush of their blissful dreams,
Watched over by hosts of stars,
By day and by night the world
In midsummer's lap is furled
In languorous ease and rest,
And slumbers on God's own breast.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

JERUSALEM HAS A BOOM.

Great Recent Progress Everywhere Shown in the Holy Land.

A concession for a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem has been granted by the sultan to Joseph Navon, an Ottoman subject, for 71 years. A company has been formed in England and France to carry out the scheme, and the engineers are soon expected to undertake the work. The carriage road between Jaffa and Jerusalem has been greatly improved. The Jewish colonies in Palestine are looking up. One of them, Richon le Zion, has planted about 2,000,000 vines, all promising well. The colonists are good laborers; nearly all their land is cultivated. The greatest part of them are Turkish subjects, and are all subject to the laws of the country.

The Pearl of Great Price.

The late Dr. Woolsey, of Yale College, was a thoroughly good man, a Christian gentleman, who had the Puritan conscience, the constant sense of "the great Taskmaster's eye." The notes of his character were earnestness, thoroughness and simplicity. If he was sometimes severe with others, he was always severe with himself. His pet abhorrence in the whole list of vices was deceit. "I would rather have a young man here a drunkard and of dissolute life," he once said in substance from the Yale pulpit, "than a liar; for with a liar you have nothing to build on." One of his favorite texts in the Bible was the one which says that God desires truth "in the inward parts." That was what he himself desired and illustrated in things great and small.

A Fuller Explanation Cleared It Up.

"Pa," plaintively pleaded petit Pierre, popularly known as "Petey," the other morning. "I really cannot go to school today. I ache all over."

"Then you may stay at home," kindly responded Petey's father, who, despite his rough exterior, had a warm heart beating in his breast.

"So you lied to me, you young rascal," fiercely exclaimed Petey's father, when he saw petit Pierre fishing in the creek.

"Don't hit so hard, pa," pleaded Petey between whacks; "it was this I was aching for—to go fishing."—*Albany Express.*

A Berlin Sensation.

The sensation of Berlin is just now a young Cossack giantess. The girl, who is 11 years old, is nearly three yards high; she weighs 280 pounds, and is still growing very rapidly. She is very pretty, with large dark eyes and a pleasant face, and in the national costume of the Don Cossacks, which consists of a red skirt, blue jacket, long apron embroidered in gold, and necklaces of many colors, she captures everybody's heart. But since she is still chiefly interested in her dolls and toys, she cannot be said to return the sentiments of her admirers.

A Terrible Possibility.

Mother (reading)—"'A machine has been invented that will fling a man 1,500 feet into the air.'"

Pretty Daughter—"Horrors! Don't let pa hear of it."—*New York Weekly.*

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue

by D R Locke

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING THE HERO OF THESE PAGES AT AN EARLY PERIOD OF HIS LIFE.

T was 11 o'clock at night, in one of the vast wildernesses that covered Northwestern Ohio fifty or sixty years ago. It was in November, the most dreary of all the months in that country—a month when the cold rains fall and are never weary, when Nature is in its most sullen temper, as though sensible that it had made a failure of spring and summer, and it was therefore anxious to wreak its vengeance upon the country by continuing in an ugly mood. The air was cold—so cold that the rain which was falling had changed its mind after leaving the clouds where it was born, and struck the earth in little pellets, just light enough to be carried on the wind, and just heavy enough to cut and bruise like bird-shot. The wind, charged with these missiles, was as fierce and as ugly as the rain, and the stinging little particles, too hard for snow and too insignificant for hail, were as disagreeable to unsheltered man and beast as anything could be. They cut like knives, and whoever was exposed to them felt that he was storming a hidden battery, the defenders of which were shooting showers of little lancets from endless rows of mitrailleuses.

The roads were long streaks of mud, half earth and half water, beaten together into a sticky mass, too thick for a boat to float in, and too thin to support the hoofs of a horse. It was a stagger, not a walk nor a trot, for the poor beasts condemned to travel these roads. Their advance was a series of lurches, of sinkings and recoveries; and slow indeed was the progress possible to be made.

On either side of the long line of inky blackness that marked the open way for the traveler were immense trees—black walnut, oak, ash and hickory—set as closely as was possible, compatible with growth and life, their branches interlacing and forming a canopy which held the wet when it was rainy, and kept out the sun when the sky was clear; and all the time sending up clouds of malaria. There was a shake of ague in every drop of the vegetable-impregnated water under foot, and another in every breath of the malaria-laden air above.

The soil was, as a rule, a rich black mould, five to ten feet deep, soft from being so long covered with water; and the land was so level that the falling of a tree centuries ago across a run or creek dammed it, making a swamp of what had once been fair land, and which would be again when the hardy settler, armed with his axe and sustained by quinine, should come and search out the original course of the stream, and by clearing it out, permit the water to flow through its natural channel to seek the river and thence the lake. The tight of the first settlers was with the water. Once liberate the soil from its domination, control that one element, and there was no end to the wealth which it had hidden.

Famous fields of corn these swamps made years after, but at that time one would have hardly given the parings of his distressed horse's hoofs for the whole country. Men do not ususually look under the surface, either in land or in other men; but where one does, he has the secret of success in life. One Merriweather, a wealthy farmer of this region, years after the date referred to in this chapter, in reply to a question why he did not remove to the city, made this answer, as he took a fresh bite from his plug of tobacco:

"Yoo kin talk of makin' money in the cities, and by merchandizin', and the perfessious, an' sich; but I am satisfied right here. D'yee see this land?"

He waved his hand to the four points of the compass, and if your eye followed the sweep thereof, it did certainly rest upon a beautiful sight. There were long stretches level land, covered with Indian corn; a sea of greenery, which the gentle August wind tossed in its loving embrace as if in play. The tasseled heads bowed to its influence and raised again, and bowed and raised, like a lake kissed by the winds, and undulating as if every stalk was endowed with life, and joyous life, too.

"Wal, old Gregory, in Canandalgua, York state, owned this land, a thousand acres uv it; and he took it uv the government at $1.25 an acre, and held it ten years, and one year he came out to see it. It wuz in August, a drouthy yeer, for we hedn't hed a drop of uv rain for a munth or two. I wuz hostler in Pulaski, and I druv the old man out to see his land. Hel hel It wuz three feet under water, every foot uv it, and a portlieker nasty kind uv water it wuz—all green and scummy like, and as discurridgin' a lookin' place ez yoo cood find in a day's journey. He looked at it, Gregory did, for a minnit, and remarked, 'D——!'

"'Why, Merriweather,' sed he, 'I wooden't give ten cents for the whole thousand acres!'

"'Square,' I remarked, 'that is good land. All it wants is drainin', and feedin', and fixin' up, and it'll grow the biggest corn yoo ever saw. It's good sile.'

"'Possibly it is when yoo git down to it,' he sed, spitefully. 'Merriweather, I'd like to sell it fer what I give for it.'

"'Squire,' said I, 'will yoo give me the refusie uv it for $1.25 an acre, and give me three years to pay for it, if I pay interest on it?'

"'Indeed I will,' said he, 'and glad to git rid uv it. But don't do it; you are a likely feller, and I don't want to rooin yoo.'

"The upshot uv it wuz, I got a contract out uv him, and on that contract I got a man in Pulaski to lend me munny enuff to buy a team, and hire a man or two, and buy grub for the winter. I found the water course, and cleared it out, and cut a ditch strate throo it all, and the next spring I plowed it, and put it into corn. And that winter I sold corn enuff off uv it to pay for the team, the ditchin', and the land, and hed sumthin' hansum over. 'Square, yoo cooden't buy that land to-day for a hundred dollars an acre. Old Gregory wuz out that year to see it, and he swore like a pirut about it. Success in life, 'Square, means gumption enuff to know where the water-courses ought to be, and how to find em, and pluck enuff to do it. That's how I got this farm. It was a big thing for a hostler in Pulaski!"

It was a horribly disagreeable night; at least so thought old Doctor Rawson, as he plunged along the road leading north from Pulaski out into the country on this eventful night. He was on horseback, wrapped in a cloak voluminous enough to cover the saddle-bags behind him, and dropping to his feet, which was protection enough for all of his person but his face. He glanced regretfully at the animal he bestrode with the natural feeling a country doctor always has for his horse, because he did not have a cloak to cover him also.

It was a doleful and dismal ride, though such rides were nothing new to a man grown doleful and dismal years since, nor yet to his doleful and dismal horse, which had long since learned that he belonged to a country physician, and that his lot must necessarily be doleful and dismal.

THE MASON CABIN.

The good doctor had come into that locality years before, and his horse had been ridden through these swamps for half that time. He had traversed the country when there were no roads at all; and, bad as it was, it was infinitely better than those he had Samaritanized over during his early years of practice.

"Drat the weather!" ejaculated the old man, as an unusually fierce gust of wind drove the shower of sleet with more than expected force into his weather-beaten face. "Drat the weather, drat the mud, and ——"

His soliloquy came to a sudden ending, for just then his horse, blinded as he was by the storm, struck a miniature lake deeper than his philosophical head had calculated upon, and in his floundering to get out fastened the poor man's legs in the sticky mass and nearly dismounted him.

"Drat the hoss! Git up and git out of this!" exclaimed the doctor, as the beast waded out and stood once more on comparatively solid ground. The animal stood still, as if puzzled which way to turn.

"Drat ye! Doh't ye know where to go? Hevn't ye bin along this road enough times to know every hole in it?"

The horse was dazed, but not confounded. He merely took an observation, as a mariner might at sea—indeed, a doctor's horse in that country ought to be considered partly a sailor—and, determining upon his route, started off on as good a pace as the ground would admit. But the doctor's grumbling did not end with the exrication of the horse from the slough, or his starting off in the right direction. He had started in a grumble, and it did him good to keep on.

"Drat the old woman Mason! Why couldn't she have sent for me at a decent time of day, or in decent weather? There ought to be a law agin wimmen havin' children between September and April, in this ghastly country—that is, old wimmen; the young ones don't know any better—and why couldn't she have sent for Ballard, the beastly quack! Old man Mason don't pay nothin', no how; what did they want to send for me for? Sick, people don't deserve a regler doctor! They ought to be kep for botanics, and electics, and homœopaths, and very young students, to practice upon. Ten to one if old Mason don't borrer a dollar of me afore I get out of the house!

"To go out sich a night as this," he continued, "through this infernal swamp, and to sich a patient, and ten to one—— Whoa, Jim, what are you about?"

Jim had plunged into another slough, which he waded out of as best he could.

"Bless the hoss, I shouldn't get into a temper with him! He is having it worse than I am! Ten to one I shall have to give old woman Mason quinine and whisky to keep her up, with quinine worth four dollars and a half an ounce, and Huber, the druggist, sending notices to me that hereafter quinine is to be cash, and I with less'n half an ounce in my saddle-bags! I wish that I could find suthin besides quinine that would do these people—suthin indigenous, that I could go out and dig; suthin that grows right here, that I could bile up and give them a quart, and that didn't cost nuthin! It's awful, to hev to give these people cash drugs, and then charge it, and finally hev to take it out in truck, if I get anything at all. Why wuzn't I bred a shoemaker? And they ain't content with an ordinary dose. You hev to give 'em enough quinine to make their heads buzz like a sawmill, or else they think they ain't got enough, and that you don't know your bizness! And they want quinine for everything. Ef a man runs his blasted leg through a thrashin' machine, he wants a dose of calomel at night and quinine in the morning—and quinine four dollars and a half an ounce! Thank heaven, calomel is cheap, or I should have starved long ago! I'll give old woman Mason so much calomel to-night that she won't be able to take any quinine in the morning, and save suthin' in that way.

"And they've got to usin' quinine to make the hair grow, just to have an excuse to put up the price again! What's the use uv a woman havin' hair on her bed, ef she ain't got no liver? Since this noshin that quinine is good for the hair got around, there ain't no controllin' uv 'em. The quinine powders I left for Mrs. Parkins she put onto her hair, and in consekence I had to come agin. I hev too much practice! Ef another doctor, and a rich one, should come and divide the sizuis, I shel perish uv debt. Ef one uv my pashents should pay once in a while, I good git on; but there ain't no collectin' nuthin till they are ded, and they don't die in this country! They hev fearful constitoo-shens, and when they die, their estates don't pan out nuthin'. I get 'em, though, on the last illness. Ef the expenses of the last illness wazn't a preferred debt, I shood hev to hev left long ago. And half the time the widder comes sniffin' and cryin', and gets me, like an old fool, to waive my claim, and then where am I? I can't refooze a sniffin' widder with a lot of tow-headed brats. I wish to God I wuz a mean man, or had the repootashen uv bein' one! But, drat 'em, they all know me, and get the better uv me!"

Fortunately for the Doctor's peace of mind, a dim light was finally discernible in the distance, which the horse observed with all his rider's pleasure; and, animated by the prospect of oats and shelter, he pricked up his ears and started off with as much of a trot as his years, his many and oft infirmities, and the state of the road, permitted.

A few minutes brought the doctor to the door of a log cabin of one room, standing alone in a clearing in the forest, without even the adornment of a rail fence around it. It was a dismal, dreary place, and not even respectable for its class. The "chinking" of mud was out between the logs, the chimney had succumbed to the blasts of the repeated winters it had endured, and pools of half-frozen water were thick about the door. It was lightless, built up of logs; it was unthrift patched, and carelessness with broken windows in it.

While the doctor was knocking for admittance, there came from within that piteous wail that always accompanies the entrance of a soul into this world. Such a wail is appropriate in most cases, for when the great What-is-to-be is balanced up, the ills of life are so much greater than the pleasures, that, could the new comers know what is before them, and realize the nature of the sea they are to encounter, they would all desire to die at the beginning. But a wail from a new-born child in that cabin was especially appropriate. It was very proper to commence life in that country with a wail. It was prophetic instinct, a seeming foreknowledge of what it was to go through.

"Drat the woman!" exclaimed the Doctor to himself in final soliloquy (doctors in the country get into the habit of soliloquizing on their long and lonely rides); "drat the woman! I have ridden twelve long miles through the infernal sleet and mud, and jest ruined him, to take keer of her and here she's gone and had her baby afore I got here! This is a cold and onfeelin' world!"

And, offended that the youngster had come into the world without his help, as though the poor mother could set the course of nature and fit its movements to the pace of his horse, he entered the house.

If the dwelling was rough and uninviting outside, it was no better within. It was a miserable apology for a habitation for human beings. The floor was made of logs hewed into something like smoothness; the walls were innocent of plaster, but there ain't no collectin' nuthin till they are ded, and they don't die in this country! They hev fearful constitoo-shens, and when they die, their estates don't pan out nuthin'. I get 'em, though, on the last illness. Ef the expenses of the last illness wazn't a preferred debt, I shood hev to hev left long ago. And half the time the widder comes sniffin' and cryin', and gets me, like an old fool, to waive my claim, and then where am I? I can't refooze a sniffin' widder with a lot of tow-headed brats. I wish to God I wuz a mean man, or had the repootashen uv bein' one! But, drat 'em, they all know me, and get the better uv me!"

Fortunately for the Doctor's peace of mind, a dim light was finally discernible in the distance, which

RECENT LITERATURE.

AUTHORS TAKING A VACATION.

Ventilation and Warming of Buildings—Tales from Blackwood—New Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Ventilation and Warming of Buildings," upon the principles as designed and patented by Isaac D. Smead, is a very well-gotten up volume designed to explain these principles upon which a very popular method of the ventilating of public buildings and private houses is founded. It is well illustrated, the pictures of fine buildings where the system is used constituting in themselves an attraction. The book is printed in good type, upon fine paper, and is well bound. Published by Isaac D. Smead & Co., Toledo, O.

White & Allen, New York, publish in pretty pamphlet form "Tales from Blackwood." The third series contains the following: "Bomgonef," "Thomas," "The Brigand's Bride," "The Misogynist," "A Fetish City," and "The Gascon D'Orsol."

Another little book, also from White & Allen, New York, is the first number of a series entitled, "Travel, Adventure and Sport." The articles make up the number are from *Blackwood's Magazine* and include: "Discovery of the Victoria Nyanza," "My Home in Palestine," "A Sketch in the Tropics," and "How I Caught My First Salmon."

Literary Notes.

The widow of E. P. Roe has removed to New York.

Louise Imogen, Guiney, a poet, writes on "Rowing" in the August Wide Awake.

D. Lothrop company will bring out next week Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood's "Sweet Briar."

Charles Dudley Warner's "Studies in the South and West" is published by Harper & Brothers.

"Beatrice" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Rider Haggard, which will be published next January.

Julian Hawthorne's five daughters bear the names Hildegarde, Gwendolen, Gladys, Beatrice and Imogen.

Tennyson will receive $1,000 for his new poem. His first accepted poem brought him ten shillings.

Over 3,000 manuscripts competed for the "Lothrop literature prize," of which but 300 were submitted to the judges.

D. Lothrop company publish a new work by Margaret Sidney, a story of New England village life, entitled "Our Town."

Harper & Bros. publish Joseph and Elizabeth Robbins Pennell's "Our Journey to the Highlands," fully illustrated by the authors.

"The Nemesis of Sentimentalism" and Prof. Goodwin Smith's "Progress and War" are interesting articles in the July *Macmillan*.

Mrs. G. H. Alden, "Pansy," has written a story of the development of religious feeling in a young society girl, under the title "Cortesy's Endeavor."

Mr. George Kennan, of Siberian fame, has purchased a tract of 60 acres at Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and contemplates building a cottage for summer residence there.

The German translation of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is to be published in Germany by the translator himself, who will go abroad for that special purpose.

James Russell Lowell has furnished the new edition of Izaak Walton's "The Complete Angler" with a preface. The book will be published at Boston in the early autumn.

The Scribners announce a series of works on American history from the discovery of America to the end of Southern reconstruction, after the civil war. Each work will be entrusted to a writer of eminence.

Max O'Rell has accepted a second engagement to lecture in the United States and in Canada, and will make his first appearance in January, at Boston, under the auspices of the Press club of that city.

Twenty thousand copies of Frances E. Willard's "Glimpses of Fifty Years" were sold during the first four weeks after publication. A new edition, with revisions, is now being prepared by the industrious authoress.

Among the authors whose manuscripts are written in violet-colored ink are Wm. D. Howells, Julian Hawthorne, Charles Dudley Warner, Augusta Evans Wilson, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Custer, and the poet Whittier.

Mr. Spurgeon's new book, entitled "The Salt Cellars," being proverbs and quaint sayings, together with homely notes thereon, will soon be published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, by arrangement with the author and publishers.

D. Appleton & Co. have ready "Days Out of Doors," by Charles C. Abbott, a companion volume to his "A Naturalist's Rambles About Home," "The Garden's Story," by George E. Ellwanger, a book for the pleasure and profit of the amateur gardener, and "The History of a Slave," by H. M. Johnson, author of "The Kilimanjaro Expedition." A new cheap edition of Miss Lyall's "Won by Waiting" will be added to those of her "Donovan" and "We Two," in the same publishers' town and country library.

OPERATORS' ERRORS.

Curious Mistakes Made by Telegraph Operators.

"People who have occasion to use the wires frequently are sometimes greatly amused, not to say mystified, by the manner in which messages are mutilated in transmission," said the telegrapher.

"A prominent commission merchant in the city of Toledo, O., a short time ago was thunderstruck upon receiving a telegram from a Chicago elevator company which read as follows:

"'Offer you two cars mixed oats twenty-nine half.'

"A repetition of the dispatch made it read thus:

"'Offer you two cars mixed oats,' etc.

"A bright young operator employed on a press wire in this city some time ago, while receiving an item describing some ceremony in connection with the recent jubilee in Rome, made an amusing error. As received by him the dispatch stated that Cardinal So-and-So turned toward the congregation, extended his hands, and said: 'O rats, father.' The editor fell off his chair when his eye fell on the paragraph. A correction was necessary, however, as he understood the sentence was intended for the Latin phrase, 'Orate, Fratres, or in English, 'Pray, brethren.'"—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

The Equilibrium of the Sexes.

Whenever careful and reliable statistics have been obtained it is found that more male than female children have been born. In Great Britain, where the returns are nearer perfection than elsewhere, the proportion for the last ten years was found to be 1,041 males to 1,000 females. It is a singular fact, however, that the mortality among the male children is greater, so that the equilibrium is restored in ten years, and a census of children of that age shows the sexes to be equal. From that age onward, owing to the more perilous occupations of males, to losses in war, etc., the proportion of females begins to increase until the final census in England shows 1,000 women of all ages to 949 men.

Dogs and Muzzles.

Mr. Charles A. Case of this city has two fox terrier dogs, and one of them not only objects to wearing a muzzle himself, but dislikes to see one worn by his companion. Mr. Case had leather muzzles made for the dogs, and fastened them on securely. As soon as their master was out of sight the brighter of the two found a projecting nail, and by its use twisted the muzzle off his nose, and then proceeded to release his less gifted brother. He did this by tearing the leather to pieces with his teeth. He then dug a hole in the ground, and was about to bury the remnants of both muzzles when somebody discovered what he was doing, and put a stop to it.—*New Bedford Standard.*

Deserved a Pension.

"You say you fought all through the war, but I can't find your name on any of the enlistment rolls."

"I know it. I wasn't enlisted. I fought with my wife."

Just Now.

We want our clothing very thin;
From morn till night our brows are beaded;
The oyster's out, the cider, too,
Except in chowders, where 'tis needed.

The woods are full of pesky ants.
The summer girls are dressed like fairies,
And men who love stiff stimulants
Now wink at the apothecaries.
—*Boston Courier.*

THE UTILITY OF DEATH.

Abou Ben Adhem Tells a Story to Point a Moral and Prove His Point.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

ABOU BEN ADHEM was asked one day by a sorrowing man, if there wasn't a screw loose somewhere in the economy of nature, as regards the duration of life. "Why," asked this individual; "why was Death permitted to come into the world at all?"

Abou was never in so good humor as when he had an opportunity to moralize, and this was one not to be wasted. So he arranged himself in his easy chair, and got the man safely under his eye, and, as the Orientals say, "went for him."

"Death," said Abou, "is not to be catalogued among the evils of this world—it is to be considered as the greatest blessing the world enjoys, and as the most useful of all the provisions of nature—that is to say, when it is taken into account how men are made.

"If men were all as honest, as true, and as good as I am, for instance, Death could be dispensed with; but as they are not, it is an absolute necessity as a great equalizer. It is the great balance-wheel, and the great distributor. It is the bad rich man's check, and the poor good man's protection; it is the salvation of the state, and the hope of the individual."

Lissen to a brief history:

In Persia, a hundred years or more ago, lived Hogem. Hogem, in his youth, sailed a small schooner on the Gulf of Persia, from Koamud to Bamgay. He accumulated dirhems, in a small way, at the business, for he allowed no competition. If another man started a schooner in the same trade, Hogem's craft always got to sailing wild, and was certain to collide with the new one, and burst a hole in her side, and lay her up. Accidents of this kind got so frequent that no one cared to sail on Hogem's route, and he had the whole trade to himself.

Of course Hogem learned the advantage of having control of an entire trade, and he kept his eye out for it. When steam was introduced into Persia, he was the first to put on boats propelled by the new power, and he observed the same tactics that he did with his schooner, and of course made great piles of shekels by his steamboats.

Then came railways, and Hogem kept his weather-eye hooked in that direction. He did not embark in railroads at the beginning, for he was talented. He waited till the people built them with their own money, and found they couldn't make them pay. He watched the road from Baugey to Roamud, the two most important cities in the empire, and he waited his time. The road cost twenty millions of dirhems, and as it had never paid a dividend, the stockholders were willing to sell at any price. So Hogem bought a little over half of the stock for little or nothing, to make himself president; then he swindled the others out of their stock and owned it all himself. It paid immediately, for he stopped all the stealing, and the time had come when it was possible for the road to pay.

Owning the road he had a sure thing on the people. They had to travel over it, and they were compelled to use it to transport their produce, for there was no other way for it to get out. He put on such rates as he pleased, and he regarded their murmurs no more than the sighing of wind through rose-bushes.

The people murmured and applied to the council for relief. They said, in their Oriental way, Lo! this Hogem has gobbled our railroad, and has us where our hair is short. After roads are built we are helpless. Save us from Hogem!

But Hogem laughed in his sleeve. "Shall I let this fat thing go out of my hands? What says Niggah-my-haired, the poet of the people:

When you have a good thing, save it, save it,
When you ketch a white cat, shave it, shave it—

"And Hogem asked the members of the council to visit him, and he gave to them the juice of the grape, and he warmed their hearts with strong waters. And as each went out, he took him aside and laid his finger beside his nose, saying, "Here, take this bag of dirhems, for thou art a patriot, and a councilman, and a Turk, and I love thee. And when my enemies, the people, whom may Allah confound, come to the council, and demand laws against my just charges, say, Go to. Hogem is a good man, and an honest man. His charges are just." And when the vote is taken, vote against them, and I will prevail. Come to me again—come alone—and there will be more strong waters—and, perchance, haply, another bag of dirhems."

And Hogem put his finger to his nose, and winked a solemn wink of ineffable meaning, which was comprehended, for the member did likewise.

Now there were 200 members of the council, and the great man saw one hundred and five of them, and each, with a bag of dirhems under his robe, voted against the people. And straightway each of the one hundred and five had two bags of dirhems about him.

Thus, you see, Hogem had the entire country at his mercy. He owned the council so that it would not permit other roads to be built in a little while he did not have to seek the members, for they sought him. They would say, "If he has the gold, why should I not have my divvy?" Divvy is a Persian word, used in councils, the meaning of which I do not understand.

Now, here is where Death comes in to advantage. Hogem had all the councils under his thumb; he was moving on the Shah himself. He would, in ten years more, have had all Persia at his feet, and you may imagine the condition we should have been in, with this one man as our sole ruler. Just as he was making a bigger and wider job than ever, paralysis struck him and the people were saved. His combinations melted; his railroads had to be sold; competition came in, and things were again lovely in Persia.

Suppose that the Frank, Bonaparte, had had eternal life. He would have gone on swallowing one nation after another, till he would have controlled the whole world. He would have met another Bonaparte, you say? Very good, that would have been worse, for the two would have kept the world at blood-letting forever.

And then think of a world with such pests as George Francis Train and the Woodhull in it, with no prospect of relief from Death?

"Good men die, too." Verily. But that doesn't detract from the strength of my position a particle. For where there is one honest, or, to put it stronger, where there is one man like myself, there are a thousand bad ones.

The disparity between the two classes being so great, Death is an advantage. It is the safety-valve of society; it is the limit to human action; and as human action tends to the bad, why the limit is an excellent good thing.

When men all do right, probably there will be no more Death. But I really don't expect to ever see it. The man whose ancestors lived correctly and who lives correctly himself, lives longer than the one in whom these conditions do not exist. It is very likely that when the old virus is all out, that Death, which was intended as the cure for it, will go out with it. But as long as the virus is in, Death is necessary as the cure for it. Poison spreads faster than wholesome things. A rum-mill will infect an entire neighborhood in half the time that a prayer meeting can possibly convert it. Wickedness moves faster than an express train; goodness moves at the speed of the ox-cart.

There are so many bad men, and disease is so slow, that I sometimes think there is a great deal of lightning squandered every year. With its quick action—its wonderful killing capacity—and so great a use for it, it is a thousand pities that more of it cannot be judiciously directed. But there are mysteries in nature.

Were there no death, what would the young woman married to an old man do, or the young man married to an old woman? Take offices where promotion comes by seniority. What anguish would wring the bosoms of the juniors if the seniors were immortal! Death makes room for men; Death checks the wicked, betters the condition of the good—in fact, it is altogether a sweet boon.

My young friend, I long for Death; for the next world, to a perfect man, can only be a blissful one. I long to go. And now leave me.

"Stay," said the young man, as he turned to go. "If you so long to go, why don't you go? Death is attainable to any one?"

"I continue to live," said Abou, "because I can do my fellow-men good by living."

And he walked slowly into his habitation.

SWIFT ON THE WING.

The Fastest Railroad Train Slow Compared With the Wild Duck and Goose.

"The gadwale—but there; it isn't likely at all that you know what a gadwale is," said an observant wild fowl hunter. "The gadwale is a duck. It is a wild duck that doesn't get east very often, but is a familiar fowl in the west. I was just about to remark that the gadwale is a bird that can travel nearly a hundred miles while the fastest railroad train is going fifty, and yet it is slow on the wing compared with a canvasback duck, the broadbill, or even the wild goose. I have held my watch on about every kind of wild fowl there is, and know to a dot just how much space any of them can get over in an hour. The canvasback can distance the whole wild fowl family, if it lays itself out to do it. When the canvasback is out taking things easy he jogs along through the air at the rate of 80 miles an hour. If he has business somewhere, though, and has to get there, he can put his head behind him every minute, and do it easy. If you don't believe that, just fire square at the leader in a string of canvasbacks that are out on a business trip some time when you have the chance. Duck shot, propelled by the proper quantity of powder, travels pretty quick itself. If your charge brings down any member of that string of ducks at all it will be the fifth or sixth one back from the leader, and I'll bet anything there is on it. If you have the faintest idea in the world of dropping the leader you must aim at space not less than ten feet ahead of him. Then the chances are that he will run plumb against your shot. When he drops you will find him a quarter of a mile or so on, because even after he is dead he can't stop short of that distance.

"The mallard duck is lazy. He seldom cares to cover more than a mile a minute, but he can if he wants to. His ordinary every-day style of getting along over the country takes him from place to place at about a 45-mile-an-hour rate. The black duck can fly neck-and-neck with the mallard, and neither one can give the other odds. If the pin-tail widgeon and wood duck should start in to race either a mallard or a black duck it would be safe to bet on either one. But if a redhead duck should enter the race, you can give big odds on him, for he can spin off his 90 miles an hour as easy as you can walk around the block, and can do it all day. He would be left far behind, though, by the blue-winged or the green-winged teal. These two fowl can fly side by side for 100 miles and close the race in a dead heat in an hour, and appear to make no hard task of it. The broadbill duck is the only fowl that flies that can push the canvasback on the wing. Let a broadbill and a canvasback each do his best for an hour, and the broadbill will only come out about ten miles behind. One hundred and ten miles in four can be done by the broadbill, and he consequently makes a mark for a shotgun that a pretty good gunner wouldn't be apt to hit once in a lifetime.

"The wild goose is an astonisher on the fly. It has a big heavy body to carry, and to see it waddling on the ground you wouldn't suppose it could get away from you very fast on the wing. But it manages to glide from one feeding place to another with a suddenness that is aggravating to the best of wing shots. To see a flock of 'honkers' moving along, so high up that they seem to be sweeping the cobwebs off the sky, you probably wouldn't dare to bet that they were sailing at the rate of 90 miles an hour, but that is just what they are doing, any hour in the day. The wild goose never fools any time away. His gait is always a business one."

RUINING BABIES' EYES.

A Matter That Mothers Should Carefully Watch.

I happened one day last week to go through the park with a physician. The nursery maids were trundling their charges home by the hundred; as we passed them I heard from the professional gentleman some inarticulate but gruff mutterings that sounded profane. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Matter enough," he broke forth, "here's the sort of thing that goes on every day. Look at all these babies staring and blinking at that sun, the rays falling straight in their eyes; see them squint and scowl, and even weep, but how few of them looks the other way, of course, and their nurses have not sense or training enough to shade them; they think that if the sun is not hot enough to give 'em sunstroke the babies might as well stare at it as not. And then people wonder that the eyes of each succeeding generation are getting worse. See that, Jim's that sniveling baby" and he pointed to a group of little girls, two out of five of whom wore glasses.

"Do people think it is pretty or pleasant to see young ones like that saddled for life with spectacles? I suppose this sunset has fixed half a dozen of these babies in sight for life with some optical weakness. All these gim-crack baby carriages show that the parents know no more than the nurses; uncanopied or else with some shimpy little arrangement of blue silk and white lace that throws no more shade than a butterfly's wing, and that's all the innocents have between them and the glare of heaven these days! I tell you, old campaigners like you and I would find their situation very trying. When you have a family, my dear fellow, take my advice and give them their first exercise in an old-fashioned baby buggy with a hood. Your friends—more particularly your wife's friends—will laugh at you, but you'll escape opticians' bills for your offspring—they won't need glasses before they are in a condition to pay for them themselves."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Makes Delicious Lemonade.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

A Misnomer.

"Modiste," repeated Mrs. Sinkerson with an accent that was slightly off, as she read the sign on the red brick house. "Matilda, what does that mean?"

"Don't you know what that means mamma?" said her daughter. "That's another word for dressmaker."

"Well, it isn't a good name for them."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Look at them two ball dresses you got last week. You wouldn't call anybody that would make such things as them modiste, would you?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Materials all There.

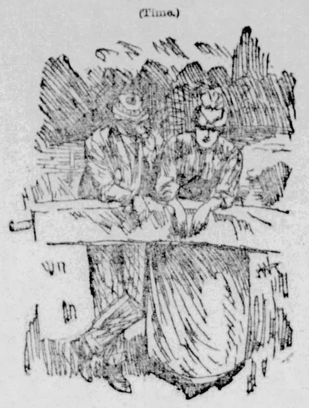
Downe—You seem much interested in the paper. Have they discovered Cronin's murderers?

Towne—No; but coming down in the elevated I saw a man playing a cornet in one window, and in the next room a fellow was strapping a razor. I would like to see the end of it.—*Puck.*

"My love, what magic spell is thrown
Upon your face? Its charm I own.
Whence came thy pure and pearly teeth?
Thy rosy lips! Thy perfumed breath!"
She said, in accents sweet and clear,
"'Tis only SOZODONT, my dear."

CUT OFF.

(Time.)



Frank—The deuce he did! And what did the General say?

Kate—Papa said that if I married young Ellaby he'd cut me off with a shilling.

Frank—Bravo! Go it, Ellaby! And did you mention me?

Kate—Yes, Frank dear, I did. Papa said that if I married *you* he'd cut me off *without* one!

SHE WAS UNWILLING.

A Young Lady Who Drew the Line at Being Damned.

Mrs. Gen. Waterman, my mother, was not long married, in Binghamton, when her father, Gen. Joshua Whitney, who named and founded the town, called a new minister to take the place of the Presbyterian clergyman lately dismissed by the congregation. According to custom, Mr. Niles, the new minister, on his arrival, began a round of visits to the women of his congregation to inquire into the state of their souls, and to take a cup of tea with them for sociability and better acquaintance. Mr. Niles was a tall, thin man. He wore a rueful countenance becoming his calling, and never forgot the vocation of bringing terror into the hearts of his people for conscience sake.

Mr. Niles was "master of the situation" in the village of Binghamton, for as yet Presbyterians were the only acknowledged sect in the place. One of his first calls was upon the daughter of Gen. Whitney.

With all sincerity Mrs. Waterman received the pastor, and he soon made known his business. "Well, Mrs. Waterman, I hope you are in a state of grace?" he said, in a solemn tone.

"I hope, Mr. Niles, I am not without it," she answered, smiling.

Then followed what she thought was rather an unjustifiable search into her conscience, for a pastor of the Protestant faith, and she answered, as was her nature, without any hesitation or concealment what was in her heart respecting God and salvation and her own duties. He looked astonished at her loose assertions, and with half-closed eyes inquired:

"Mrs. Waterman, are you willing, perfectly willing, to be damned?"

"Oh, Mr. Niles," she exclaimed, "what a question! No, I am not willing to be damned."

"Mrs. Waterman, if it be God's will, are you willing to be damned?"

"No, I am not."

"Then you are not in our faith; you are not a Presbyterian?"

"No, I am not," she answered with spirit. Mr. Niles left abruptly, much disgusted.

Mrs. Waterman went to her father in trouble, and repeated the conversation.

"Pamela, what creed do you prefer?" asked Gen. Whitney.

"I like the Episcopal church best, father," she answered.

"You shall be gratified, my daughter. I shall give the ground and we will build a church. Meantime I shall send for an Episcopal minister and pay his salary."

The city of Binghamton now enjoys six or seven Protestant churches and one large Catholic church. It owes its possession of the first Episcopal minister to the fact that Mrs. Gen. Waterman was not willing to be damned.—*Rhoda E. White, in N. Y. Sun.*

THE DARKY DUCKED IN TIME.

It Was a Trick He Learned During the War and It Served Him Well.

From where we sat on the tavern veranda we could look right across the Mississippi river, although at the edge of the river on our side there was a bluff 40 feet high, with a strong current below. All along this bluff were commons, and we had an unobstructed view. We were talking and smoking when a gourd came around the corner of an old abandoned warehouse, and began to feed toward us. Five minutes later an old white-headed darky, using a cane to help him along, came out from behind the same warehouse and stood almost on the edge of the bluff, and appeared to gaze across the river.

"What a fat take that goat has got, if he only knew it!" whispered one of the party.

"What a fool of a nigger to take such a risk?" growled a second.

We ought to have warned the old man, who seemed totally unsuspicious of danger, but we didn't. Human nature is just that way. He had been there two or three minutes when the goat observed him and began to lash his tail. It was none of his business that the man was there, and no law compelled him to kick up a fuss, but we all saw that he meant to do it. As he gathered for a run every man rose up to warn the victim, but no warning was uttered. It was human nature to want to see the fun. The goat shot away like a flash, and as he drew near he made a long jump to give full force to the intended blow. Next instant both had disappeared, and we ran down expecting to see them both struggling in the muddy waters. As we reached the bluffs the old man rose up from a pit dug within two feet of the edge, and grinned and lifted his hat and said:

"Mawnin', gem'len. 'Spected to find me down dar', I reckon."

He pointed to the goat, which was swimming wildly about as the current carried it down, and one of the party replied:

"Yes, we certainly thought you were a goner. You dropped in there, eh? You must have been pretty quick about it."

"Wall, sorter, but dat was no trick at all. Doorin' de wah, when de Yankee gunboats lay ober dar' an' frowed shot at de guns up beah, I war one of de cull'd gem'len who handled de shovel an' de sand bags. Dat's what I 'tended to, sah. Dem Yankees didn't know me, an' dey kept tryin' to kill me, an' I had to duck an' dodge so often dat arter de wah closed I nebber got straightened up agin. Ize bin layin' fur dat goat more'n two weeks, an' now he's dun gone an' won't boddar nobody no mo'. I used to cuss dat wah when it was goin', but now I see what a blessin' it was. Whar' would de ole man be now if de Yankees had not frowed ten tons of cannon balls at him an' l'arned him to duck?"—*New York Sun.*

How It Was Done.

Zeb Roots (Kansas farmer.)—Say, Mariah, I've got a city charter fer this farm, an' next Tuesday the boys, the two what's of age, must vote fer me, and then I'll be mayor, and they kin elect themselves councils.

Mrs. Roots—What good'll that do?

Mr. Roots—Then we together will issue franchises to ourselves fer cable roads and 'lectric lights and pave streets and waterworks and all sorts o' things, and as soon as we git the money, we'll build 'em.

Mrs. Roots—But where's the money to come from?

Mrs. Roots—Jes you wait. I ain't had time to advertise the advantages of Dugout City bonds and town lots in the Eastern papers yit.—*Midsummer Puck.*

If Possible.

Mrs. De Gush—O, Mr. De Ton; you must let your wife come again. We will be delighted to see more of her.

Mr. De Ton (gazing dejectedly at his wife's V shaped bodice)—If it is possible.

A Wicked, Wicked Man.

At the club.

"So far as I'm concerned, I'd marry a small woman rather than a large one any day."

"But why?"

"Because of two evils one naturally chooses the least."—*Judge.*

Not a Success.

Johnny Dumpsey (with inflated paper bag)—Sh-h! See me bust this bag by grandma's ear. Grandma (after the explosion, placidly laying her knitting in her lap and looking toward the door)—Come in.—*Burlington Free Press.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.

A STORY OF A CERTAIN COUNTRY.

What May be Seen in the Van of Human Progress.

Once upon a time a great many years ago there was a certain country. Now this country was new, not having existed much above a century. In this new country, which would sometimes admit, privately, that it marched in the van of human progress, there was a peculiar way of settling all matters before the bar of public opinion.

One day to this same bar of public opinion came a little band belonging to a certain guild of authors. And after the preliminary ceremonies the spokesman said: "We be writers trying to build up a literature in this country that it may not be said of our people in time to come: 'They had no poet and they died' One of us is a poet, another a historian, still another a novelist. We are hungry, for it is so that 'tis scarcely possible to make even a poor living at our work. We ask of you more considerate treatment and above all an honest international copyright whereby we may eject the wolf from our doorstep, on which of a certainty he has long sat and howled most dismally."

Then the judge who sat in the bar of Public Opinion snorted vigorously three or four times and got red in the face and leaned over and said:

"You blank literary fellows want the earth. One meal a day is enough for a man who sits around in the house and doesn't do anything but write. You can stop writing just as soon as you want to anyhow; I don't read your books—I can help myself to just as good reading matter from another country that happens to use the same language as we do, without costing a cent. If you can't live at writing go into the grocery business. There's big money in a good grocery in a live town and I know it. Move on now till I give this man a patent on his sausage-stuffing machine and vote a land grant to the Crooked Creek railroad."

Then the authors went out sadly, and as they were crossing the street a man who made a million dollars running a sheepskin tannery pretty nearly drove over them with two bob-tailed horses, an English coachman and a carriage with a coat of arms copied out of the dictionary painted on each side.

And after they had gone out, a philosopher from a distant land, who had come to the new country to study its institutions, said to the judge:

"I fear me that in some ways you are not laying the foundation for your country properly. I do not like the way you treated the writers, and I am told that you buy only foreign pictures, or if you do purchase one by a native artist he must put 'Paris' in letters six inches high in one corner. And the other day I read of the ministers of a certain denomination who get a salary of $135 a year till they reach the age of 80, when they are retired on a pension of $12 per annum. I fear that you are not doing as much as you should for art, literature and morality—that you are becoming altogether absorbed in trade."

"Great Scott!" snorted the judge, as he jumped up and leaned over the bar of Public Opinion; "Casey's ghost! where have you been for the past week? Art, Literature and Morality!—Socrates and Jo Smith! Didn't you hear about our prize fight the other day? Seventy-five rounds, sir—thousands of spectators—everybody excited—people trampled on around the Latin boards—the winner scoops in $50,000! Art, Literature, and Smitten Christopher! why, sir, the man that won that fight has 22-inch biceps! D'you think a man could develop a 22-inch biceps in a country altogether absorbed in trade? Now, don't interrupt me again while I am figuring up just how much more pig-iron we produce than all the rest of the world together."

NOTHING IF NOT POLITE.

The Negro's Greeting to the Fresh ly Landed Aeronaut.

A balloon which went up from a circus near Montgomery several years ago sailed away 8 or 10 miles and came down in a field where some negro es were plowing Terrified at the spectacle of a chariot coming down from heaven, they verily believed that the last great day had come, and remembering all their shortcomings fled away in terror at the approach of the awful judge.

One grayheaded and rheumatic old negro was unable to get away. He could follow the plow, but could not run, and the chariot came down upon him with terrible swiftness. In that awful moment his whole life rushed upon him, he thought of all the petty sins he had committed, and the ghosts of a hundred chickens seemed to rise up in judgment against him. But in that desperate emergency his mind did not desert him, and remembering that politeness always counted with his earthly master, he quickly decided to greet the lord of heaven and earth in becoming style. As the aeronaut touched the earth and began to untangle himself from the meshes about his car, the old darky, with an air of profound obeisance removed his wool hat and with pious unction:

"'Mornin', Mars Jesus, how you lef' your pa?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

There is no Use in Dodging.

There's no use in dodging, you can't avoid a plump issue; especially one that comes so straight at you as this:

We say—Compound Oxygen is remedial and revitalizing; now observe what our patients say of us:

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 20, 1888.
"For giving the system permanent vitality and the elimination of disease, I believe Compound Oxygen to be far in advance of all medicine or treatment. H. H. COON.

WEATHERSPOND, TEXAS, April 1, 1888.
"You have my heartfelt gratitude for the good your Compound Oxygen has done me."
MRS. FRANKIE EDWARDS.

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON, Feb. 6, 1888.
"Compound Oxygen has done wonders for me. Where there is life it will act like a charm."
PROF. J. S. HENRY.
Brown's University.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 21, 1888.
Unquestionably Compound Oxygen is a marvelous remedy. Innocent looking, mysterious in its action, but certainly effective."
P. F. JERNEGAN.

MATHEWS, N. C.
"My health is now better than it has been in five years. I have about one week's supply of Compound Oxygen, and think I am about well. I owe a debt of lasting gratitude to you."
REV. J. A. LEE.

HUMANSVILLE, Mo., Feb. 14, 1888.
"Compound Oxygen has been of incalculable benefit to me. I don't like to do without it."
H. A. MOSS, Editor of *Dawn.*

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. Will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

FINEST PLAYGROUND IN THE LAND

It is Boston's, and Covers Thirty Acres—A Great Place for the Boys.

The thirty-acre "Playstead" at Franklin Park was dedicated recently, the active participants being about 9,000 of Boston's school children, whose performances were witnessed by not less than 20,000 spectators, who surrounded the reserved space inclosed by 3,700 feet of rope.

This tract of land stands in front of the magnificent "Overlook and Shelter," and at the junction of School and Seaver streets. The Overlook is a broad concreted elevated platform, several hundred feet long, constructed upon a ledge, and faced with bowlders removed from the section now known as the Playstead. The face of the embankment is irregular and quite picturesque. It is covered with creeping vines, bushes and turf, the top representing the appearance of a parapet. The Shelter is a structure 150 feet long and 75 feet deep, two-thirds of which is concreted, with spacious openings, from which the entire Playstead can be viewed.

It is the finest playground ever set apart for children's use in the country.—*Boston Herald.*

—Use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer and your thin gray locks will thicken up and be restored to their youthful color, vigor and beauty.

How to Keep the Eyes Bright.

You want to make your eyes bright, clear, have them get rid of a feeling that they are wearing out? Very well, then. You must observe all the laws of health. You must be careful not to read either in a dim or a glaring light. If you don't rest enough your eyes will look colorless, listless and expressionless. When you bathe them as if they were made of cast iron they will revenge themselves on you by making you feel as if there were small lumps in them and as if they were full of tears that were only waiting for a cause to be shed. You never ought to let your eyes get tired out, but when you do, sponge them with very warm water, and if possible go to bed.

There is nothing that is so grateful for care shown it as the human body, and the thought given to your health will cause it to overpass its thanks in bright eyes and a skin that is white, clear and firm.

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and to contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

CHEAT MOUNTAIN.

Gen. Lee's Unsuccessful Attack—A Mountain Camp Fire—The German Battery.

THE regiment of which I was a member, the 15th Ind., was mustered into the United States service at Camp Tippecanoe, near Fayette, Ind., June 14, 1861. After organization we went to Indianapolis, thence to Cincinnati, where we remained in camp three days, and then went to Parkersburg, Va., thence to Buchanan, and after a short engagement at Rich Mountain which was one of the first victories for the union army, then under the command of Gen. McClellan, our regiment moved up the valley to Elkwater. We there joined the 17th and 13th Ind. and 3d and 6th Ohio regiments under command of Gen. Joseph J. Reynolds.

The command being composed entirely of infantry, of course all the scouting was done by them. At that time the government did not think that cavalry troops would render much service. However, in addition to the infantry troops, we had also attached to our command one battery of six pieces—rifled Parrot guns—and Capt. Loomis's 1st Mich. Bat'y. On more than one occasion the artillery was efficaciously handled.

The boys of my old company (C, 15th Ind.) no doubt all well remember many a scout in which we took part, over the high mountains of that portion of the country. Also when Lee advanced down upon us.

I remember one time in particular, when we marched up a branch, in the water, in order to gain a certain position—a vantage point from which to take observations of Lee's camp. Gen. Reynolds accompanied us. From our position we could look directly into the enemy's camp, and after remaining there about two hours, we returned to our camp. Early the following Monday morning, companies C, D, G and Capt. and Lieut. Bradford's scouts, Lieut. Col. Owens commanding, started to attack the rebel picket lines. We first crossed the creek on a foot log, and afterwards counter-marched back through the creek, water waist deep. This was done to draw the enemy out, but they would not follow. The mountain gorge, or pass, was too narrow in which to form a line. They did not follow us, and we returned to camp.

In a few days afterward Gen. Lee moved down upon us in force, but he found us prepared to greet him with a warm reception. We stood to our works, and massed batteries were stationed in the small coves of the mountain sides. Col. Owens had prepared feddam and rail stacks, which were set on fire by the skirmishers in case Lee made an advance on our front. But the Johnnies did not molest us at this point.

During this movement of Lee's, however, Col. Washington, supposed to be the rebel general's chief of staff, while looking for a location on which to form their lines, it is presumed, came too close to the picket line, and was killed by one of the 17th Ind. boys. His body was immediately taken charge of by our surgeon, taken to camp, and the following day, under a flag of truce, escorted to the rebel lines and turned over to his friends.

Lee, in advancing upon us, divided his force, and a part of his force attacked our troops on Cheat mountain, but were repulsed, and then got on our flank and rear. They became stampeded, finally, and the entire valley between us and Cheat mountain, literally strewn with blankets, guns, knapsacks, and any other paraphernalia of war they could rid themselves of to lighten up, and thus facilitate a speedy retreat.

The enemy having retreated, for a while we had little to do except boil our clothes in salt water to rid ourselves of those filthy insects—the army bugs. It was not long until we had scarcely any clothes left to boil—only tatters. Some had jackets, some only half a jacket, some had one leg remaining of their pants, some were entirely destitute of pants—only drawers. And the worst of it was, our uniforms were all gone, and Gen. Reynolds himself was clad in a suit of black, and we were old slouch felt hats. Requisition after requisition was made for clothing, but it seemed impossible to procure anything in that line. Finally Col. Owens left with teams for Parkersburg to procure clothing for the regiment. Gov. Morton had been doing all in his power to supply the troops of his state with clothing, and at last a supply for us began to arrive.

Just before the first arrival of clothing we were ordered to march, and started for Cheat mountain. About the time we reached the summit rain began to fall, accompanied with a cold norther. The rain poured down in torrents for 48 hours, without cessation. We had no tents, and many were without overcoats, or even gum blankets. Finally our company went down the side of the mountain, procured axes, and made ourselves comfortable by building a company camp fire, around which we gathered, warmed ourselves, dried our clothes, and spun many a yarn, while portions of the regiment which were the hardest pressed; held their positions with firmness. About the time the general was killed, the 18th was removed to the right wing of a regiment which extended the right of the 27th, and our right fired into the rebel ranks, causing them to fall back in great haste. We of the left wing did not fire a single shot, but were ready, all the same.

My enlistment bears date July 27, 1861, and my discharge July 26, 1865; so, you see, I served nearly four years. I was 23 years old when I went into the army.—JOHN T. SLUTH, Co. D., 18th Mo. V. V. I., Durango, Col.

THEY WERE LOYAL.

A Voice From Arkansaw—A Pointer for an Iowa Comrade.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was a southern Union solder, and a member of Gen. Sh er man's army. I belonged to the 1st Ala. Cav., and we took part in Sherman's raid from Chattanooga to Goldsboro, N. C. We were as loyal as any soldiers in the war, and I think the southern union soldier deserves as much honor as the northern soldiers.

I see that Dan Knight, an Iowa boy, accuses the southern girls of not being loyal, but I think he never got very far south, or he would have found plenty of as loyal men, women and girls as were to be found in the north. The fact of the matter is, that the southern girls had as good reason to complain as certain Iowa girls had, because they failed to get a rebel captain for a husband. I am a Republican, and I think every union man and woman equal, be they northerners or southerners. Perhaps had Comrade Knight not married an Iowa girl, he would think so, too.—JOHN H. FILES, Rushing, Ark.

THE GUERRILLAS IN KENTUCKY.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I noticed in THE BLADE, June 13, a letter from a member of Co. A, 40th Ind. As I have not heard from any of the old 24th

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under any circumstances.

The National Banking System.

J. J., Eagle Lake: National banks are subject to a rigid governmental supervision, are obliged to make extensive reports at stated intervals, and are liable to be called on at any moment by a bank examiner who makes a rigid personal examination. They are prohibited from making loans on real estate, on the shares of their own stock, or on their own notes, or on legal tender treasury notes (greenbacks), or making any loan to one person or firm greater than one-tenth of their capital stock. They are subject to a tax of ½ of 1 per cent on their circulation and of ½ per cent on their average deposits. They are of course subject to state taxation. Each is required to hold in cash a reserve of not less than 15 per cent of the total of its notes in circulation and its deposits. The notes of each national bank are secured by United States bonds, so that if the bank should fail, the holders of the notes would lose nothing, and it is this feature that has made the system so popular. Before that, when a bank failed its notes were worthless, and millions were lost to the people in that way. Each bank deposits in the open market bi-deposits with the United States treasury United States bonds to secure its circulation. The blank notes are printed by the government, to secure absolute uniformity, and as a safeguard against counterfeiting. Each bank receives blank notes to the amount of 90 per cent of the par value of the bonds deposited. These notes are signed by the officers of the bank and then sent into circulation. They are receivable in payment of all dues to the United States, save for duties, and payable for all debts or demands owing by the United States, except interest on the public debt and in redemption of national currency. The note system is supposed by many ignorant people to be particularly favorable to the banks, but it is simply from lack of knowledge of finance. For instance, bank notes bonds have for years been selling at a premium of 26 to 29 per cent. At that premium, they yield less than 2½ per cent net interest to the bank. Now that a bank can take up stock held by the government, and the rest in lands at $1.50 an acre. This will leave the company's land grant at 18,206,986 acres.

Francis Asbury.

Subscriber, ——: Francis Asbury was the first American bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, and was consecrated by Bishop Coke in 1784. He was born in Staffordshire, England, Aug. 20, 1745, of Methodist parents. He was converted at 13, at 16 began to exhort, and at 21 started out as an itinerant preacher. When Wesley called for workers to go to America, Asbury was but 26, but was selected to come here. During the Revolution, though careful in his conduct, he was subject to much suspicion, chiefly because he declined to take the oath of allegiance. He died in Virginia in 1816. Asbury university was named after him.

The Des Moines River Lands.

S. R., New Salem: The men who were evicted from the Des Moines river lands were squatters, without legal title from anybody. The lands had been granted by the United States to aid in the construction of certain railroads. A dispute arose as to whether the roads had complied with the terms of the grant, which got into the courts, and was only recently settled, it being decided that the roads had done so, and hence that the lands belonged to them. Hence the evictions.

360 Miles an Hour.

M. E. W., Bowling Green, O.: This department is intended to furnish information of general usefulness, in answer to proper questions, excluding all that would involve advertising. There is no one can tell how fast a train, built on the method you mention, can travel. The only way to find out is by actual experiment. As you did not reply immediately, your first letter was thrown away, and hence we can not recall the details of the plan. The above of the train certainly was that which would prevent the least resistance to the air; but this is not the only obstacle to high speed. The rate you mention—a mile in ten seconds—would be impossible unless there was some means of holding the train to the track. It would inevitably jump the rails and go to smash. Not long ago we read an article in a railway journal which took the ground that 240 miles an hour was the highest rate that can be practically reached in railway travel. The newly invented electric parcel carrier, which is intended to carry mails and light articles, but not passengers, is to attain a speed of between 200 and 300 miles an hour. The cars are only some 4 by 2 by 2 feet, and run between an upper and a lower track. The only way to test your plan of 360 miles an hour is to build an experimental train, and try it.

Civil Service Examinations.

A. M. D. writes that he (or she) fails to "secure a pamphlet" from the Civil Service commission. Probably your letter was not definite enough. Perhaps you want to take the clerk's examination." What kind of a clerk? If you wish a clerkship in one of the departments at Washington, you must go to Washington, we think, and take the examination there. You must tell in what department, and if there are different divisions in that department, specify what division you wish to enter. We are not informed as to the details of the examinations, the per cent required, and other minor points on which you request information. Try writing to Secretary Doyle, of the Civil service commission, at Washington, again, and be explicit in telling your wishes.

Durango, Mexico.

V. B., Toledo, O.: The city of Durango, Mexico, is the capital of the state of Durango. It is a city of about 15,000 population. The streets are regular but the houses are generally poor. Warm springs supply water which runs in open streams through the streets. There is some manufacturing of cotton and woolen goods, iron, glass and tobacco, but it can not understand why any company should be seeking help for workingmen to go there. It may be all right, but the matter should be examined into with care. Not long ago a company secured workmen in New York to go to Central America, who were held there in a condition not far removed from slavery. The New York *World* exposed the scheme, and secured the return of the men to their homes, much poorer and a great deal wiser.

Area of American Cities.

W. W. C., Meriden, Conn.: The area of New York is 41½ square miles, that of Philadelphia 129.4 square miles, and the original area of Chicago was 33 square miles, but by a series of annexations its area has recently been enlarged to 274 square miles. The present population of New York is at least 1,500,000, that of Philadelphia upwards of 1,000,000, and that of Chicago, with its new acquisitions of territory, probably about the same. The three largest cities in the world according to area, are Chicago, Philadelphia and London in the order named. The three largest in population are London, Paris and New York, in the order named.

Water Power at Night.

J. D. J., Sunset, Tex., writes on this subject, and asks: "Will some one explain why some deep wells here in Northern Texas go dry when a strong wind blows from the north?" We leave it to our readers to explain.

A. N., Morango, N. D., gives a similar instance. A well five feet deep will be full in the morning and dry at noon.

J. W. S., Grandy, Mo., also writes on the subject, and attributes the increase of water power at night to the decreased evaporation. We have not room for any more discussions of theories. We want the facts, verified by experiment, mentioned last week.

The "Sun" Cholera Mixture.

W. B., Lancaster, O.: The following is the recipe for the famous *Sun* cholera mixture, so called because advocated and published years ago in the New York *Sun*: Equal parts of tincture of cayenne, laudanum of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, 15 to 30 drops in a wine-glass of water; repeat every 15 or 20 minutes until relieved.

Miscellaneous.

T. J. F., Farmington, Mo.: He is in his 34th year.

J. A. B., Mt. Vernon, Iowa: We cannot publish the leaflet you inclose.

J. W. B., St. Paris, O.: We cannot republish poems that have appeared in THE BLADE.

Schoolgirl, Monroe, Mich.: The telephone was invented by A. Graham Bell in 1876.

J. C., Lansing, Kan.: We can not give space to any discussions on scriptural subjects.

M. D., Manhattan, Kan.: President Harrison gave $500 to the Johnstown flood sufferers.

J. W. M., Lawrence, Kan.: We never heard of the society you mention. No answers by mail.

W. L. D., Cloverdale, Ind.: The only books published by us are those advertised on the 5th page of the Weekly BLADE.

E. S. R., Whig, Tenn.: You can not collect by law. Don't waste your time over such catchpenny affairs. No answers by mail.

G. A. F., Clifton, Kan.: What do you wish us to explain in Genesis viii, 21? Put your desire in plain terms, and we will try.

M. I. A., Pelleton, Mich.: We have as yet seen no list of county fairs of Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. No answers by mail.

O. K., Dayton, O.: We can not tell you where to sell old stamps. If you mean cancelled United States stamps, nobody buys them.

Blade Reader, Valparaiso, Neb.: The only system of shorthand much used by reporters and others are Pitman's, Graham's, and Munson's.

A. A. Co., Austin, Tex.: Agriculture becomes unprofitable about 100 to 125 miles north of the United States boundary, because of the cold.

M. B., Indian Springs, Fla.: Try the "Treasury whitewash" on your cement outhouses, for which we gave a recipe in the Bureau of July 18.

D. E. C., ——: There is no "civil service department." The three members of the civil service commission have a secretary and an assistant, but there are no clerkships.

E. L. P., Sabetha, Kan.: There is no punishment for plagiarism, save the contempt of all honest people. Haggard denies vigorously the charge of plagiarism brought against him.

M. M., Ringo, Mo.: Any newspaper editor will let you look at a newspaper directory, in which you will find all the school journals published in the United States. No answers by mail.

L. W., Greenville, Ill.: We have published at least a hundred times the fact that if you want to join the Shakespeare society, write to Miss Alice Kimball, Plainfield, New Jersey. She is the secretary.

M. C. D., Bloomington, Ind.: 1.—Your "weed" question has been handed to the Farm editor. Watch his department for reply. 2.—We published a recipe for sticky fly paper in this department only a few weeks ago.

Reader, Graytown, O.: Please repeat your question, and tell us what you refer to. Is it a draft you mean? You do not say. If questioners will make their questions plain, they would aid us very much.

F. B., Bealsburgh, N. Y.: Your not being a citizen will not prevent your enlistment in the regular army, if you can pass the physical examination. Apply at the nearest recruiting station to you is in New York city.

G. F. H., Covel, Ill.: The Latin inscription in your violin says that it was made by Anthony Stradivarius, at Cremona, in 1721. It is probably a false label, as there are hundreds of bogus Stradivarius violins in existence.

Reader, ——: 1.—The first finger of the lady's left hand wears the engagement ring. 2.—Send $1 to The Blade Co., Toledo, O., and Miss Bouton's "Social Etiquette" will be sent by mail. Give your address hereafter if you expect an answer.

A. M., Lexington, Ky.: In the Roman and English churches, an archbishop is entitled the most reverend; a bishop is the right reverend; a dean, the very reverend; an archdeacon, the venerable; all others of the clergy are merely the reverend.

F. E. W., Thayer, Mo.: The transfer pictures are specially prepared and are gummed on the buggy box, glass, etc., face down, and, after drying, the surface is moistened and the paper peeled off, leaving simply the picture. Bookstores generally keep transfer pictures in stock.

A. C., Dubois: The line of division between North and South Dakota is the seventh standard parallel, as known in the United States surveys, which corresponds very nearly to the 46th degree of north latitude. There are no prominent towns on the line.

F. M., Chipley, Ga.: Once more, let us say we will not answer queries by mail. If there is no bookseller who will order the books named by you, write to any of the leading publishing houses mentioned in "Recent Literature," on the 2d page of this issue. They can furnish them.

D. C. G., Toledo, O.: 1.—Wait till the census is taken next year. We can give no trustworthy figures. 2.—On the "European plan," a guest is a hotel pays a fixed sum per day for his room, and orders what he desires for meals, the same as at a restaurant, paying for them as he get them.

H. L., Ligonier, Ind.: The following states have no lieutenant governors provided for by law: Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Georgia, Maine, Maryland, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Tennessee and West Virginia. In Oregon, the secretary of state is ex-officio lieutenant governor.

S. C., Sinnott's Mills, W. Va.: When linseed oil is made out of flaxseed, the cakes of ground meal, as they come from the press, are called oil cake. This is ground up, and constitutes oil meal. It is flaxseed meal from which the linseed oil has been extracted. The same name is applied to cottonseed.

B. S., ——, Kan.: 1.—We do not know whether there are any lakes with subterranean outlets in New Mexico. 2.—Nobody knows any more than you what the soul is, nor where located. 3.—To learn German or French, we would advise a teacher. You might be able to learn to read them by studying alone, but you cannot learn to speak them without a teacher. We can not recommend any particular books for that purpose.

I. W. H., McComb, Ohio: Engraved music plates can not be printed on an ordinary job press. If the music is set up in music type and then electrotyped, it can be.

T. T. P., Turley's Mills, Tenn.: 1.—You will find all about "Ruth the gleaner" in the book of Ruth, in the Old Testament. 2.—Mr. Delmonico was the keeper of the famous high-class restaurant in New York city, called "Delmonico's." It is still run under the old name, though Delmonico himself is dead.

Subscriber, Perry: There are six internal-revenue districts in Illinois with offices as follows: 1st district, Chicago; 2nd district, Aurora; 4th district, Quincy; 5th district, Peoria; 8th district, Springfield; 15th district, Cairo. We do not know which of the collectors have been changed, nor do we know in what district is Pike county.

E. C., Erie, Pa.: The present system of musical notation was not the invention of any one man; it was a growth of several centuries. Guido Aretino, about A. D. 1026, invented the parallel lines (the staff) to indicate notes. Octavio Petrucci, born 1470, first used the signs for sharps and flats. There were numerous additions until the system grew to its present stage.

M. E. A., Vermontville, Mich.: 1.—It is the rule that the gentleman shall pre-ent his fiancee an engagement ring. It is not common to exchange rings, though there is nothing improper about it. 2.—The telegraph passing form will do. Write the place and date at the top, and then say: "To ——, treasurer of the ——: Pay —— dollars to ——, on account of ——," and sign it as a secretary.

L. B. K., Ritchie C. H., W. Va.: 1.—The "Missionary Hymn," beginning "From Greenland's icy mountains," was written by Bishop Reginald Heber (born 1783, died 1826), of the church of England. On a certain missionary occasion, there was sung by reporters and by those in the collection used, Bishop Heber wrote the famous hymn, which was printed and distributed in the pews at service next day. 2, 3.—We don't know.

A. R. E., Fremont, N. C. 1.—The leading idea of the Greenback party was to call in all government bonds, and the national bank circulation, and to issue instead greenbacks (not notes, promising to pay, but simply printing the denomination, with the idea that these would pass as money. The Greenback party is dead as an organization. 2.—The two men are not related. 3.—Gen. Grant published a large volume on the war several years ago, which probably you can obtain through booksellers. We do not recall its title.

W. J. B., Bolden, Ind.: Pompeii was covered by an eruption of ashes from the volcano Monte Somma. The work of excavation now is going on more rapidly than ever before, and about one-third of the city is uncovered. If the Italian government continues the work at its present rate, it will be completed by 1947. 2.—The loss of life was very small, as the people fled as soon as the eruption began. Very few skeletons are found. 3.—The French alphabet is the same as the English, save that it has no W.

Reader, Amos, W. Va.: 1.—We have answered this twice since January 1. Here it is for the last time: "Black Friday" was Friday, September 27, 1869, when gold sold up to 162¾, in consequence of an attempt to corner the market. It caused a violent panic in the stock market and many failures—hence the name. 2.—The king of Spain is Alfonso XIII, aged 3 years. His mother is regent during his minority. 3.—The Latin inscription in your violin says that it was made by Anthony Stradivarius at Cremona in 1723. See answer to G. F. H., Covel, Ill.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S EYES.

They are Sharp Enough to See Everything That Goes On.

"Very forward," was the criticism said to have been made by her majesty, the Queen of England, on the occasion of the presentation of one of our most beautiful American girls.

Said a distinguished English gentleman, a few years ago: "Her majesty seems to attend very strictly to the matter in hand, but there is not a trick of manner or a detail of dress that escapes her notice. Her intuitions are so keen, and the value that she sets on modesty is so great, her interest in the young so sincere, that she has become immune to pender chicanery.

"The Queen detests a flirt, and she can detect one of these specimens almost at a glance. Neither velvet nor satin nor precious stones can cast sufficient glamor over aver a tendency of thiskind to hide it from these truly motherly eyes."

It is said that one day when her majesty was present in her carriage at a military review, the Princess Royal, then about 14, seemed disposed to be a little familiar and, possibly coquettish, in thoughtless, girlish fashion, with the young officers of the guard. The Queen tried to catch her daughter's eye, the gay uniforms were too attractive, and the little princess paid no attention to the silent endeavors of her mother.

At last, in a spirit of fun, she capped the climax of her misdemeanors by dropping her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, and the Queen saw that it was not an accident. Immediately two or three gentlemen sprang from their horses to return it to her, but the hand of royalty waved them off.

"Thank you, but it is not necessary," said her Majesty. "Leave it just where it lies," and then turning to her daughter, she said: "Now I must ask you to get down and pick up your handkerchief."

"But, mamma—"

The little princess's face was scarlet, and her lip quivered with shame.

"Yes, immediately," said the Queen.

The royal footman had opened the door and stood waiting by the side of the carriage, and the poor, mortified little girl was obliged to step down and rescue her own handkerchief.

This was hard, but it was salutary, and probably nipped in the bud the girl's first impulse toward coquetry. American mothers would do well to follow so meritorious and notable an example.

Her Majesty has spoken very plain and sensible words to the British nobility in regard to the education and management of their girls, and on the subjects of flirtation and immodest dressing she is eloquent.

"I had no idea that your mother observed my harmless coquetry," said a young lady whose mother had been spoken to by the Queen.

"I have no doubt it was harmless," replied the Princess Alice, who was the embodiment of kindness and sympathy, and yet who never hesitated to speak the truth, "but it was certainly thoughtless and unbecoming. It wouldn't be safe for any of us to be coquettish," she added, with a smile.

"But I was not aware that Her Majesty ever looked at me after the first formality was over," the young English girl responded, dubiously.

"The Princess's smile deepened into a laugh, as she said, "Let me tell you just one thing, my dear; the Queen of England has not one pair of eyes, but fifty, and those in the back of her head are marvels."
—*Youth's Companion.*

Cure for Drunkenness.

Let the person have within his reach a vial of the very best kind of tincture of Peruvian bark, and when the craving for liquor comes on him let him take a teaspoonful of the tincture every two hours. In a few days the taste for liquor is destroyed, and destroyed while indulging in it, for tincture of Peruvian bark is spirits into which has been drawn all the substances of Peruvian bark. It is to be found in every drug store, but it should be of the very best.—*New York Sun.*

No Credit There.

Job Comfort—"If you're in such hard luck, Jack, why don't you go to your Uncle Nathaniel and tell him the whole story? He's rich enough to help you." Jack N. Aigsby (gloomily)—"It would be no use, Job. He's one of those chaps who say 'The Sabbath' when they mean Sunday!"—*Puck.*

Another Libel.

—— McCorkle—It's queer that none of these railway robbers are women.

Mrs. McCorkle (indignantly)—Indeed! And why?

McCorkle—Because they know so well how to hold up a train.—*Epoch.*

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

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Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

A SINGULAR STORY.

QUEER HULK HAULED BY A WHALE.

What an English Brig Encountered While Sailing in the New Zealand Sea—An Old Sailor's Yarn.

In the year 1868 I signed papers with Capt. Delano of the brig Josephine for a voyage from Sydney to Auckland and return. She was an English craft, and was loaded with a general cargo, and had made many voyages across the New Zealand sea. The crew consisted of captain, mate, cook, and four men before the mast, and everyone but the cook was white and spoke English. I was then 18 years old and just out of my apprenticeship. I should have had a second mate's berth, but the Josephine carried no such officer. The captain stood his own watch, and there were occasions when the mate had to go aloft with the men. Capt. Delano was a good sailor and a good-hearted man, and there was nothing in the grub or discipline to find fault about. We left Sydney one morning with a fair wind for the 1500-mile voyage, and had any one predicted the queer adventures and tragedies which were to befall us he would have been looked upon as a lunatic.

A portion of the story I am going to tell you appeared in some of the Australian papers twenty years ago, but only a portion, and that full of errors. It was only a month ago that I was asked to send my affidavit to certain facts to a lawyer at Melbourne, and so the whole series of adventures is fresh in my memory.

For the first three days out we had fair winds and a smooth sea, and the brig made fine progress. At midnight on the third night the wind shifted, blew up a squall which lasted half an hour, and then died away as flat as you please. We were left rolling on the waves for an hour or two, but when daylight came the surface of the sea was without a ripple, while there was not a breath of air moving ashore. The sun came up like a ball of fire, and the greenhand aboard knew what it was we were in for a calm. It was terribly hot by midfornoon, and our humane captain ordered all hands to knock off and make themselves as comfortable as possible. By noon the brig was like an oven. The decks were so hot that even the cook with his tough feet dared not walk them unshod. Down in the fo'castle it was stifling, but as it was worse on deck we had to stand it.

It was about noon when the cook, who had gone to the side to throw over some slops, called out to us to come and see the largest shark which human eyes ever beheld. Several up from the fo'castle, always curious to see the monsters close at hand, but expecting that the cook had greatly exaggerated, and when I looked over the rail I was astounded. There lay a shovel-nosed shark of such dimensions that I dared not credit my own eyesight. He lay parallel and not ten feet away, and when, after a few minutes, captain and all hands had roused up to look at the fellow, we got his exact length by a tape-line along the deck. He was 32½ feet long, with jaws capable of cutting a man like a carrot at one snap. The only part of life he gave was a slight movement of the eye now and then. He lay with his great dorsal fin baking in the hot sun, and so near that we could see every little detail. All agreed that he was the largest shark any one had ever seen, although all of us had sailed in the warm seas, and some of the men had traveled the coast. The mate, who was upon the rail and said he would stop a little for a game with the big fellow. He meant by that that he would have a talk with him. I have not numbers of ship's cooks who claimed to have "made up" with sharks, and were not afraid of being hurt by them. The cook sat just opposite the big fish's middle, and soon began a sort of chant, when I passed forward, intending to find a missile and heave it over and scare the monster away. I had just found an old bit of iron and got back to the rail when there was a splash and a yell. The cook was in the water through some careless move of his. I had my eye on the shark, and his movements were like lightning. With one flirt of his tail he slewed himself around, his great jaws opened, and I was looking right down upon him as he took the cook in clear to the middle and bit him in two so slick and clean that the upper part of the body rolled away from the shark's nose and remained on the surface directly below me. After half a minute it began slowly to sink, but not yet out of sight when I saw the shark seize it. As he grabbed it he rushed away, and we saw him no more.

The tragedy upset us in more ways than one. Here we were, left without a cook at the beginning of the voyage, and there was something in his taking off which aroused the superstition of the hands forward. I think the captain felt it as much as we did, but of course he concealed it as much as possible. All that day we lay roasting and motionless, and as the sun went down and a light breeze sprung up, every man uttered a heartfelt "Thank God!" as he realized that it was not the breeze did not push us five miles before it tired out, and we were left as before, the sky full of stars and the sea like a mirror. I was in the mate's watch and came on duty at midnight. Indeed, we were all on duty, for that matter, as there was nothing whatever to do, and we were hanging on deck. I was exhausted, however, to take the lookout, and I took my seat on the heel of the bowsprit as a matter of form. As we were not moving, no other sailing craft could move, and the few steamers crossing on our line could see our lights and avoid us. Something happened, however, before I had been on duty long. The Josephine was rising and falling on the glassy swells, and swinging her head to every point of the compass by turns, and I was scanning the sea and the heavens in the most perfunctory way, when an object suddenly came in view. It was a black spot against the darkness, and after rising to my feet and watching it for a few minutes I made out, as I thought, the dismasted hull of a small vessel. It was coming down toward us, and when sure of this I hailed the mate. He came forward with the glass, and after a long look he said:

"Well, that beats my time. It is the hull of a dismasted schooner, and stands up high and dry. There's a lot of raffle around her bows, and I believe a whale is tangled up in it and towing the wreck!"

He sent me to call the captain, and in a few minutes all hands had caught the excitement. The wreck stopped for awhile on our starboard bow, and not over a quarter of a mile away. Then it crossed our bows and came down on our port side to the quarter, where it lay so close that every man could see what it was. It was then at the suggestion of the captain that we raised our voices in a shout to see if anybody was aboard the strange craft. We got an answer almost immediately by the barking of a dog, and the captain said:

"There are men there, and they may be starving and suffering. We'll lower a boat and pull out to her."

"Heavens! sir, but you wouldn't think of it?" whispered the mate. "She's being towed by who knows what. See! There she moves again! And just listen to that howling."

It was true that the hulk was moving. She moved across our stern at slow speed and ranged up on the other quarter, and the dog increased his barking and sent forth such mournful howls that every man was upset.

"What do you make out under her bow?" asked the captain of the mate, as he handed him the glass after a long look.

"Why, sir, there's the bowsprit, the foretopmast, and a big tangle of ropes," was the reply. "It looks to me as if all the foremast-rattle had somehow slewed around under her bows, and I'm certain that a whale is tangled up therein. I can see flecks or foam as he churns away, and you can hear a ripple along our side from the sea he kicks up."

The dog barked and howled by turns, but we got no other answer to our repeated shouts.

"Men," said the captain, as the wreck began slowly moving away, "it's our plain duty to board that hulk. I could never forgive myself if I left any one to die of starvation. I won't order any one to go, but I'll call for volunteers."

Not a sailor responded for a minute. I wanted to give the men a chance, and as they hesitated I volunteered. Two others then came forward and their action shamed the mate into saying:

"Very well, sir. I'll take Jones and Harris and pull off and investigate."

Why he left me out I do not know, but I was quietly ignored, and the two middle-aged men whose names I have given had the oars as the boat moved away. The captain called after the mate to be sure to board the hulk, and if he found her in good condition to cut the raffle loose and report. The wreck had been moving away from us pretty steadily for ten minutes, and as the yawl left us I could hardly make her out. The mate was to show a light when he boarded her, and for the next half hour we were straining our eyes to catch it. Then we figured that he had missed the hulk, and was pulling back to us, and, although we had cut our regular lights, which ought to have been seen for two or three miles, we sent up several sky-rockets and burned a flare as further guides. But the hours wore on and brought no tidings, and when daylight came we swept the sea in vain for sight of either hulk or boat.

A breeze came up with the sun, and we began a search which lasted all day without result. There were only two working hands, and as a measure of safety we had to get the big sails reefed against what might come. The breeze was light, and as we were under shortened sail we did not cover any great distance during the day, not over thirty miles. This satisfied us, however, that a calamity had occurred. The wreck was moving, and not over half a mile from us when the yawl pulled away. It would not take over ten minutes to pull to her. What could have happened to the boat? If not able to board, she should have returned. In boarding she should have displayed a light, as ordered, and then return to report the state of the wreck. The last ever seen of the three men was when they pulled away from us. Not a word has been heard from them to this day, nor will it ever be known how they perished.

Night brought a calm again, and I was so fagged out with the heavy work of the day that I went to sleep almost before I had left the deck. I was aroused by the cook, who had gone to the side to throw over some slops, called out to us to come and see the largest shark which human eyes ever beheld. Several up from the fo'castle, always curious to see the monsters close at hand, but expecting that the cook had greatly exaggerated, and when I looked over the rail I was astounded. There lay a shovel-nosed shark of such dimensions that I dared not credit my own eyesight. He lay parallel and not ten feet away, and when, after a few minutes, captain and all hands had roused up to look at the fellow, we got his exact length by a tape-line along the deck. He was 32½ feet long, with jaws capable of cutting a man like a carrot at one snap. The only part of life he gave was a slight movement of the eye now and then. He lay with his great dorsal fin baking in the hot sun, and so near that we could see every little detail. All agreed that he was the largest shark any one had ever seen, although all of us had sailed in the warm seas, and some of the men had traveled the coast. The mate, who was upon the rail and said he would stop a little for a game with the big fellow. He meant by that that he would have a talk with him. I have not numbers of ship's cooks who claimed to have "made up" with sharks, and were not afraid of being hurt by them. The cook sat just opposite the big fish's middle, and soon began a sort of chant, when I passed forward, intending to find a missile and heave it over and scare the monster away. I had just found an old bit of iron and got back to the rail when there was a splash and a yell. The cook was in the water through some careless move of his. I had my eye on the shark, and his movements were like lightning. With one flirt of his tail he slewed himself around, his great jaws opened, and I was looking right down upon him as he took the cook in clear to the middle and bit him in two so slick and clean that the upper part of the body rolled away from the shark's nose and remained on the surface directly below me. After half a minute it began slowly to sink, but not yet out of sight when I saw the shark seize it. As he grabbed it he rushed away, and we saw him no more.

The tragedy upset us in more ways than one. Here we were, left without a cook at the beginning of the voyage, and there was something in his taking off which aroused the superstition of the hands forward. I think the captain felt it as much as we did, but of course he concealed it as much as possible. All that day we lay roasting and motionless, and as the sun went down and a light breeze sprung up, every man uttered a heartfelt "Thank God!" as he realized that it was not the breeze did not push us five miles before it tired out, and we were left as before, the sky full of stars and the sea like a mirror. I was in the mate's watch and came on duty at midnight. Indeed, we were all on duty, for that matter, as there was nothing whatever to do, and we were hanging on deck. I was exhausted, however, to take the lookout, and I took my seat on the heel of the bowsprit as a matter of form. As we were not moving, no other sailing craft could move, and the few steamers crossing on our line could see our lights and avoid us. Something happened, however, before I had been on duty long. The Josephine was rising and falling on the glassy swells, and swinging her head to every point of the compass by turns, and I was scanning the sea and the heavens in the most perfunctory way, when an object suddenly came in view. It was a black spot against the darkness, and after rising to my feet and watching it for a few minutes I made out, as I thought, the dismasted hull of a small vessel. It was coming down toward us, and when sure of this I hailed the mate. He came forward with the glass, and after a long look he said:

"Well, that beats my time. It is the hull of a dismasted schooner, and stands up high and dry. There's a lot of raffle around her bows, and I believe a whale is tangled up in it and towing the wreck!"

He sent me to call the captain, and in a few minutes all hands had caught the excitement. The wreck stopped for awhile on our starboard bow, and not over a quarter of a mile away. Then it crossed our bows and came down on our port side to the quarter, where it lay so close that every man could see what it was. It was then at the suggestion of the captain that we raised our voices in a shout to see if anybody was aboard the strange craft. We got an answer almost immediately by the barking of a dog, and the captain said:

"There are men there, and they may be starving and suffering. We'll lower a boat and pull out to her."

"Heavens! sir, but you wouldn't think of it?" whispered the mate. "She's being towed by who knows what. See! There she moves again! And just listen to that howling."

It was true that the hulk was moving. She moved across our stern at slow speed and ranged up on the other quarter, and the dog increased his barking and sent forth such mournful howls that every man was upset.

"What do you make out under her bow?" asked the captain of the mate, as he handed him the glass after a long look.

"Why, sir, there's the bowsprit, the foretopmast, and a big tangle of ropes," was the reply. "It looks to me as if all the foremast-rattle had somehow slewed around under her bows, and I'm certain that a whale is tangled up therein. I can see flecks or foam as he churns away, and you can hear a ripple along our side from the sea he kicks up."

The dog barked and howled by turns, but we got no other answer to our repeated shouts.

"Men," said the captain, as the wreck began slowly moving away, "it's our plain duty to board that hulk. I could never forgive myself if I left any one to die of starvation. I won't order any one to go, but I'll call for volunteers."

Not a sailor responded for a minute. I wanted to give the men a chance, and as they hesitated I volunteered. Two others then came forward and their action shamed the mate into saying:

"Very well, sir. I'll take Jones and Harris and pull off and investigate."

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1889.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.,..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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GET UP CLUBS FOR THREE MONTHS.

As is announced elsewhere Mr. D. R. LOCKE's story, "The Demagogue," is begun in THE BLADE of this week.

In order that many thousand new readers may join the great BLADE family, we have made a special THREE MONTHS' club rate for the Weekly BLADE at an extremely low rate.

Agents, Postmasters and others will do well to write to us for special club terms AT ONCE. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

A CASE WHERE "PERSONAL LIBERTY" WAS A FAILURE.

On July 16 Justice GORMAN, of New York, committed MARY SLAUSON to Blackwell's Island for six months for intoxication. The life-story of the young woman is a brief but sad one. Born of wealthy and distinguished Southern people, her youth was spent in indolent luxury. She was well educated, and at sixteen years of age had all in this world that money could purchase. Then she became the victim of a hopeless desire for strong drink. It was some time before her family fully realized the great sorrow that had overtaken them. The girl lost her position in society. Her weakness became food for gossip among those who were wont to look upon her as a friend. She was ostracised from the society where her beauty and wit once allowed her to reign a belle. In despair the girl was sent to New York to undergo a course of treatment at an inebriate asylum. The treatment in this particular case could not have been very efficacious, as the patient again took to drink as soon as she was discharged from the asylum as cured. She had only been out of the place two days when arrested.

We condense the above statement of facts from the New York daily papers of the 17th. The case is a sad one, more especially as the victim is a woman, and the fall has been from the highest social position to the filth of the gutter. It is the latter fact which caused the case to get into the newspapers. Yet for one such instance of a woman of education and wealth falling a victim to the demon of Rum, there are dozens—nay, hundreds—of women of obscure birth in our great cities who have been ruined by the same means. There is not a night, in any of our large cities, that many drunken women are not brought into the station-houses for drunkenness upon the streets. So common is it that the daily press makes no special mention of it. And the number of women of all classes who are drunkards is not a tithe of the total number of men. Revolting as this vice is in unmanning humanity, it is a thousandfold worse in a woman.

In a case like that above related, the reader wonders how this fearful habit could have obtained so great a mastery over a delicately nurtured, refined and educated woman. It is an awful illustration of the subtle nature of the alcoholic poison, that it can gain the mastery over a woman, and a woman of this class. Pride of race and position, a very powerful sentiment, must be broken down; womanly modesty must be laid in the dust. That she would deliberately surrender all that made life worth living to her is a terrible testimony to the supreme mastery which Rum achieves over its victims.

How can such things be prevented? In this case, the appetite for Rum evidently originated in the use of wine in the family, and on social occasions. So long as the wealthy and fashionable yield to the dictates of European customs, and place wine upon their tables, so long will our young men, and young women, too, be placed in deadly peril. Fashion's decree is stronger than the dictates of prudence, and the proper shielding of children from the danger of contamination. There is but one way in which its power in this matter can be broken, and that is by the arm of the law through Prohibition. It must be made illegal to make or sell alcoholic liquors in any form. Then and only then can we hope to protect the rising generation from the danger of the Rum habit.

THE BLADE has often urged that the matter of enforcing Prohibition in the cases of those already wedded to the Rum habit is a trivial one compared with the vast good that will be accomplished by placing the entire traffic under the ban of the law, closing up the saloons, and banishing Rum from the tables of those who use it for fashion's sake. The man who is a confirmed drunkard is hardly worth saving, as a rule. But it is for the sake of the young men and boys of the present generation, and successive generations in the future, that we urge the propriety and necessity of Prohibition. They are not likely to sneak into holes and corners and violate the law for the sake of getting a drink of Rum. The generation wedded to drink will die off, and there will be no customers for an illicit traffic; and it will die also, leaving the land free from the curse.

The case of the young woman who is today serving out a term of imprisonment in a workhouse for drunkenness, among the vilest and most degraded of her sex, is a striking example of the futility of the "personal liberty" argument. According to that, she should be allowed to indulge her appetites as she may wish. She has done so, and reached the depths of degradation and abasement. If a woman in her position in life, surrounded by everything to make existence happy; with wealth at her command, high social position and the education and accomplishments to maintain it, can yet fall from that high estate through Rum, how much more liable are those in obscure station, without any of these things, to fall also! The thing to do to save them is to render it impossible that they can fall by removing this particular temptation. It is a needless temptation. There are many which assail us that can not be removed, but this is not one of them. There is but one thing that maintains it, and that is the cupidity of those engaged in the traffic. By Prohibition we shall not only remove one great temptation from humanity, but also

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE *Brewers' Journal* says that foreign immigrants should be warned away from Maine, Iowa and Kansas, the prohibition States, because "accustomed to the generous living and unrestricted social life of their native land, they will experience hardships and deprivations that will make their lives intolerable."

THE CRONIN CASE.

There is a popular misconception as to the theory on which the prosecution in the CRONIN case is working. It is not that CRONIN was murdered by the Clan-na-Gael as an organization, but by some members of the Clan-na Gael, acting on their own motives. In fact CRONIN had some of his warmest friends within the order, and it was the finding of the following report, which was signed by himself and Dr. MCCAHEY, of Philadelphia, that made others of them his bitter enemies. That report was the origin of the whole trouble, and reads:

First—That the family of one who lost his life in the service of this order was scandalously and shamefully neglected, and continued to be neglected for two years after their destitute condition was known, and that Alexander Sullivan, Michael Boland and D. C. Feely are responsible and censurable for that neglect.

Second—That General C. M. McCarthy, of St. Paul, Minn., was unjustly and deliberately excluded from the Boston convention and subsequently shamefully persecuted and driven from the order, and that Alexander Sullivan, Michael Boland and D. C. Feely are responsible and censurable for that series of reprehensible acts.

Third—That the delegate from the home organization was excluded from the Boston convention, and that the same three defendants are responsible and censurable for that exclusion.

Fourth—That the same three defendants issued a deceptive report of the Boston convention, leading the order to believe that its affairs had been examined by independent committees, and that the order was $13,000 in debt, when, in fact, Alexander Sullivan and Michael Boland were on the committee on foreign affairs, and the treasurer states that there was a balance in the treasury, and not a debt.

Fifth—That prior to the Boston convention $110,000 was expended without any direct or indirect benefit to the order, and most of it in a manner that could not in any way have benefited the order, and that the same three defendants are censurable and responsible for this enormous and wasteful expenditure.

Sixth—That this enormous sum was spent without the sanction or knowledge of the home portion of the Revolutionary directory.

Seventh—That various persons sent abroad were not supplied with sufficient funds, but that the agents of the "triangle" is responsible and censurable for that criminal neglect, and not the three defendants.

Eighth—That Michael Boland and the late secretary of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood issued fraudulent transfers for the purpose of deceiving the order in Philadelphia into the belief that its relations with the home order had not been broken.

Ninth—That Michael Boland and D. C. Feeley, the former by acts and the latter by assent, are equally responsible for the Pittsburg convention by, first, excluding the delegates from the Pacific coast; second, excluding McLaughlin, the delegate from Dakota; third, excluding Sullivan and Dwyer, the rightful delegates from New York; fourth, admitting the Rev. Dr. Botts and John J. Maroney on bogus credentials from the legion districts; fifth, admitting Boland and Mullen, illegal delegates from New York; sixth, admitting proxies from Iowa, Brooklyn and Illinois; seventh, sitting as delegates themselves, in direct violation of the constitution.

Tenth—That $87,491 reported to the Pittsburg convention as having been spent in active work was not spent for such work, no such work having been done or contemplated during the eleven months within which this large amount was drawn from the treasury. Of this active work but $13,000 in Boston and Philadelphia conventions was paid for out of the surplus held by the agent of the triangle at the time of the Boston convention, and not out of the $87,491 drawn from the treasury months after such active work had ceased.

Eleventh—That Michael Boland and D. C. Feely, the former by acts, the latter by silence, are responsible for the expenditure of this large amount of money, and censurable for deceiving the Pittsburg convention as to the purpose for which it was spent.

Twelfth—That Michael Boland, Alexander Sullivan and D. C. Feely, the former by acts and the latter by assent—illegally suspended Camp 1 in January, 1885, and that Michael Boland and D. C. Feely—the former by acts and the latter by assent—illegally suspended eleven Camps in New York in June, 1886.

SULLIVAN, BOLAND and FEELY formed what was called "the triangle." They had entire charge of the order at the time, and it was Dr. CRONIN's charge that they had used the money of the order for their personal ends that caused the antagonism of a part of the Clan to Dr. CRONIN, and, it is supposed, led to his murder.

DO YOU WANT TO DO YOUR FRIENDS A FAVOR?

A postal card will easily hold ten names and addresses. Send us in this way the names of ten of your neighbors and friends who would like to read "The Demagogue," announced elsewhere. We will send to every person a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the announcement, and will take it as a personal favor if *every* reader will send us names as above requested. Do it AT ONCE.

STATE ELECTIONS THIS YEAR.

This year being the one following a Presidential campaign, is decidedly an "off year" in general politics. There are but eleven states which hold elections. Kentucky holds an election for state treasurer on August 5. The other ten state elections occur on November 5, as follows:

Iowa will elect governor and lieutenant governor.

Maryland will elect comptroller and attorney general.

Massachusetts will elect governor and state officers.

Mississippi will elect governor and state officers.

Nebraska will elect a supreme court judge and two regents.

New Jersey will elect governor and state officers.

New York will elect state officers except governor and lieutenant governor.

Ohio will elect governor and state officers.

Pennsylvania will elect state treasurer.

Virginia will elect governor and state officers.

In addition to these, there are the elections which will be held in the four newly-admitted states of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington. Their conventions are now in session preparing state constitutions. They will each elect a full list of state officers, from governor down, members of the state legislature, and one Representative in Congress from each except South Dakota, which elects two. The legislatures, when they are chosen and convene, will each elect United States Senators.

THERE is a faint hope existing in the isthmus that the French government will take hold of the Panama canal and see that it is completed. France has signified already that she will do all that she can indirectly to aid the progress of the work. There is plenty of money in France, and it is hoped that the government will take such action as will lead to its investment in the new company. The concession by the government expires in 1893, and if the canal is not completed by that time, that country will be able to claim all the rights and privileges in the canal which will accrue to her by the failure to complete the contract. There is in this state of affairs an urgent reason why the Nicaragua company shall proceed as rapidly as possible with their canal. The one that is finished first will be the successful enterprise.

IT is well known that the two sources of income to the federal government are customs duties and internal revenue taxes. The New York *Sun* calls attention to the fact that the latter is now the larger factor in making a surplus. Within the past two years, the annual increase in the sum received from customs has been only $7,684,342, while the increase in internal revenue receipts has been $12,838,715. This year the customs receipts fall short of the estimates of Secretary FAIRCHILD a year ago, while the internal revenue receipts are $11,000,000 greater than his estimate. To reduce the surplus, begin on the internal revenue.

PROF. DEVOE, a New York gentleman, who claims to be able to read the future in so far as its meteorological conditions are concerned, is out with the pleasing information that "On July 26, violent storms will sweep the Ohio valley and come eastward through the New England states, and that violent tornadoes will visit Ohio in its central part between July 24 and 29." The professor, however, ordains nothing worse than hot weather for New York. That's where he lives.

NEARLY a year has elapsed since the election, but it has not been settled yet as to who was chosen governor of West Virginia. The old Democratic governor still holds on.

A THIRD PARTY FALLACY.

THE BLADE is in receipt of the following letter from a correspondent in this city:

In order to make Prohibition a practical success the officers have not only to be sworn to enforce the law, but they must do it. Isn't it, therefore, essential that the party that elects these officers should have the interest of Prohibition at heart?

Can the Republican or Democratic party in this state or nation elect a man who would injure the liquor traffic? If they can, why don't they?

No doubt many third party men are sincere in the first point raised by our correspondent—that a new law must have a party behind it, committed to it, to enforce it. It is strange that they do not look about them and see the evidence to the contrary. Let us take an example or two: Ballot reform laws have been adopted by nine states this year. This reform is bitterly opposed by machine politicians, ward workers, and the same element in politics which finds in the saloon an ally. Does our correspondent for a moment suppose that these laws will not be carried out in their respective states? Again: The Dow liquor law in Ohio was passed by the Republican majority of the legislature. Its enforcement is in the hands of county officials. Nearly one-half the counties in Ohio are Democratic; were then, and have since been, in Democratic hands. Hence it had to be enforced by officials whose party was bitterly opposed to it. Can he point to any failure to enforce it in the whole state of Ohio?

If our correspondent will not depend so much upon the preaching of narrow-minded zealots, and trust more to his own powers of observation, he will find no lack of examples in national and state legislation where laws are enforced by officials personally opposed to them. There are plenty of men outside of the thin ranks o the third party who are honest and true, and regard the obligation of an official oath as binding. The cases in which Prohibition are not enforced will be found to be in communities where the majority of the people are opposed to the law, and who elect men to office with the understanding that they are to ignore it. That is wrong, we admit; but it is one of the phases of a government by the people, and we must take the evils of the system for the sake of the blessings of free government. In such communities the third party could not elect officials, that is evident; and in communities weere the general sentiment is favorable to Prohibition, the law is enforced by officials who are not third-party men. Hence that party is a superfluity. Where it would be needed, according to our correspondent, it could not hope for control; and where the law is enforced there is no need of it.

Fourteen out of fifteen Prohibitionists in this country, as THE BLADE has shown from the election figures several times, are either Republicans or Democrats. It is evident that men are elected by both the old parties who enforce Prohibitory laws, or they would be ignored in Kansas, Iowa, or elsewhere, where it is admitted they are a success. Hence our correspondent can answer in the affirmative the first of the questions with which he closes his communication, and accept "they do" for the reply to the second.

DON'T ORDER SEWING MACHINES YET.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT CROP.

The reports from other countries go to show that the farmers of the United States will be called upon to furnish the bulk of the breadstuffs for those countries which consume more than they raise. The Indian wheat crop, it is conceded in London, "will be no factor at all in the question of the world's food supply." England and France promise better than last year, Spain will be above the average, and Italy a little under it; but Eastern Europe will have practically none for export, according to the New York *Times's* cable report from London, which is as follows:

Two great exporting countries, Russia and Austro-Hungary, will this year find it difficult to feed themselves. Russia, which had big harvests the last two years, and forced the markets to get rid of all its grain in order to float loans, the last of which was concluded the other day, now confronts a rather serious situation. Her big granaries, like those at Odessa, have never before been so empty of wheat, and the present crop in many large districts is a complete failure. There is a mass of confirmatory evidence of this from private sources, but the most conclusive is the fact that the official bureau, which last year for the first time sent out lots of encouraging bulletins, this year gives no sign of existence.

The long drouth and then the cyclonic storms, which destroyed the wheat and oat prospects in Russia, have done the same for wheat, rye and barley in Austro-Hungary, Roumania and eastern Germany. In short, though crops west of the tenth meridian are quite definitely better than in in 1888, this is more than balanced by the failure in the far more important grain fields east of that line. England, France and Italy must always buy so much grain that the question exactly how much they need is not specially important, but the failure of big exporting countries is serious, considering the collapse of India, and the very deficient crops of Australasia.

It is now estimated here by experts that the eastern hemisphere as a whole is worse off than it was a year ago at this time. There is, therefore, almost tearful interest in what the American crop will be like. The shortage over here will be so great that the market will be more at the mercy of the United States than ever before, and the next report from the Washington bureau is eagerly watched for as an indication of how severe a squeeze may be expected. During the last few days Russian wheat has been going up here, the panic is only prevented by the fact that everybody in America seems so confident.

This situation is of great interest to American wheat-growers. The indications so far are very favorable for a large yield. The general average of winter wheat, according to the government bulletin for June, was 92 per cent; spring wheat showed a June average of 83 per cent. Hence it seems probably that we will be able to supply the foreign demand, and an advance in price is more than likely—all of which will not only be good news to the farmers, but will improve our foreign trade and check the outflow of gold to Europe.

A BILL of rights for the new state which it is proposed to make of Idaho territory has been reported by the committee having the matter in charge. While it guarantees religious freedom, it strikes at the Mormon question by prohibiting any person, organization or association from aiding, abetting, counselling or advising any person to commit bigamy or polygamy. The Mormon question is the most perplexing one with which the United States has to deal. Immorality, under the cloak of religion, is a difficult thing to destroy.

WITHOUT waiting for congressional action, the Arizona legislature has framed a bill which has been approved by her governor, providing for a convention to frame a state constitution to be submitted to the people for their action. But Arizona, like Utah, while she may be big enough enough and popular enough, will hardly be good enough for a place in the united family until she is cleared from the taint of Mormonism.

RATHER queer, isn't it, to read that a Confederate court martial, just held at Atlanta, has exonerated one MAHER from the charge of deserting from the Confederate army? The trial was under the authority of the Confederate Veterans' association.

THE unification of the National and American Woman Suffrage associations has been completed, and ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, president of the former, and DUDLEY D. FOULKES, of the latter, will issue the call for the National American convention at Washington, in January, 1890.

DON'T RISK IT.

In two or three weeks after the commencement of D. R. LOCKE's new story, we expect to receive hundreds of subscriptions with the request to begin with this week's issue, containing its initial chapters. And we also fear that we will be unable to do so. Those who delay sending in their clubs run the risk of not obtaining the commencement of the story. Don't do it! Send in your clubs *now*, and there will be no danger. We shall supply all orders for back numbers cheerfully, of course, so long as we have them, but we shall not print an enormous number and run the risk of having no calls.

Send in clubs *at once*, and there will be no trouble.

POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF HORACE GREELY.

Horace Greely was a master of the art of letter writing, if it can be called an art. He was concise, clear and vigorous, and never forgot that language was the expression of thought by means of words. Perhaps the reason he used so few words was that he was always so well supplied with thoughts. The two letters published herewith have just come to the light. One is written to a then young politician at a time when the writer had not become famous. It reads:

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1832.

FRIEND MEARS:—You will need nothing but the fact that your letter has remained so long unanswered to apprise you that I have been absent from the city for the last six weeks. I left here the 28th of September on a visit to my relatives in New Hampshire, and did not return till the 6th inst.—just in time to record my solemn protest against the despotism of Jackson and the base jugglery of Martin Van Buren at the ballot box. It is all labor lost, I suppose, but there is solid satisfaction in the reflection that by every power I have washed my hands of the violation of all laws, liberties and constitutions, which will follow the complete triumph of Jacksonism. Mears, you should have been in this city for the last three or four days, just to witness the gallant struggle which has been made by the free, virtuous and enlightened citizens of New York against the power of at least 1,000 officeholders, Dogberry, the Bowery and Dutchess rabble that ever disgraced the bogs of Ireland or the cellars and garrets of a great city. We have fought them "hand to hand and foot to foot" throughout the contest with the spirit of freemen, though in the bitterness of black despair, for the returns which were pouring in upon us from Pennsylvania and other places rendered our prospect of success utterly hopeless. In the face of all that could discourage an honest party, we have done everything that men could do. The money actually contributed and expended by our friends for public rooms, transparencies, flags, printing, and the thousand expenses unavoidable in contesting an election in this city, could not have been less than $20,000. We have polled above 12,000 votes out of 30,000; and have slightly diminished the Jackson majority of 1828, which, considering that there were 5,000 more polled now than then, is no slight victory. But I expect everything has gone to the devil, and that Jackson will get 200 electoral votes, as likely as a less number. Well, thank fortune, I have not certainly lost my 60 on the result, for the simple reason that I had no more to bet, for if I had had it I should have put it down. Our only hope now lies in electing a stanch and faithful Senate, who will not hesitate to stand by the constitution in defiance of clubs and pistols. We shall certainly gain a senator in New Jersey, one in Maryland, one in Kentucky, and I hope one in Indiana; one in Pennsylvania and one in New York, and I do not believe we can lose but one in Maine and one in Ohio, so "let us never despair of the American republic."

I have been swindled out of $60 since I came here, mostly by wearing false paynasticons. The last blow ($25) was struck during my absence, and I have come back here to find myself not worth a cent. Yours devotedly,

H. GREELEY,

No. 21 Duane-st., New York.

S. MEARS, Middletown, Va.

The second one was written thirteen years later and contains advice which many writers would do well to heed. In it Mr. GREELEY said:

NEW YORK, Aug. 8, 1845.

E. G. Squier, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I have just received yours, and shall publish most of it. Not being written for publication, it is probably better than you will write expressly for the public eye. No matter. I accept your offer of a description of the mounds, right cordially, and will have the engravings made and forwarded as you desire. Now bear me:

1. Don't make your letters too long. A column of the *Tribune* is little over five MSS. pages as you write; is the right length—the dose to be repeated till a cure ensues.

2. Don't jump at once into the middle of your subject, nor tell everybody what they already know better than you do, perhaps. One number should sum up what is already known to the public concerning Western mounds. Then go on with your new discoveries.

3. Don't have a multitude of engravings. A few will tell the story more clearly. When you say a mound is shaped like a cheese or a pound cake, no diagram is needed to explain your meaning.

I am sorry to hear you have so much leisure. You should not have. You are not yet strong enough in your profession to afford leisure, more than I am. Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

A CHICAGO judge has taken a decisive step in breaking up the pernicious habit of delaying cases on various pretexts. The law of Illinois provides that a change of venue shall be taken if the judge is prejudiced in the matter about to be tried. This is very often done, but in the vast majority of cases it is merely a method of obtaining delay. In a suit between two companies before this judge, a member of one made affidavit that the judge would not give a fair hearing because he was prejudiced against his company. The change of venue was granted, as the law makes it obligatory; but the judge, conscious of his own fairness in the suit, now proposes to bring the man who made the affidavit into another court and make him prove the truth of the assertion to which he made oath, or suffer the penalty. It is to be hoped that the matter will be pushed to a satisfactory conclusion, and the affiant convicted. There will be more care then in making affidavits of that nature.

"TANNER," said President HARRISON, "run your bureau on business principles, keep within the limit of the law, and be as liberal to the boys as possible." When he comes to reflect upon these few remarks, says the New York *Press*, Mr. CLEVELAND will probably wish that BEN HARRISON had been somewhere in the vicinity of the White House when he was there, to give him the same advice. "Be liberal to the boys!" That's the talk that gets under the waistcoat of every man who went to fight, and every woman who sent a boy to fight for the Stars and Stripes. And when it gets there it can't get away.

A NUMBER of perplexing questions have been presented to the Treasury department in regard to the enforcement of the alien contract labor law, so far as it applies to persons employed in this country, but who reside just across the Canadian and Mexican borders. Complaint has been lodged against an officer of a bank in Vermont, near the Canadian border line, who has his residence in Canada. He has crossed the border line to his business nearly every day for the past 40 years. It is charged that his employment is in contravention of the contract labor law.

The following bit of English sailor doggerel is going the rounds. It illustrates the pertinacity of the English sparrow as well as anything that could be written:

The bloomin', bleedin' sparrow went up the
bloody spout;
The bleedin' rain came down and washed the
bloomin' sparrow out;
The bloody sun came out and dried up the
bleedin' rain,
And the bloomin', bloody sparrow went up the
bleedin' spout again.

THE Columbus *Dispatch* says JOHN L. SULLIVAN is engaged in THE BLADE's work of pulverizing the Rum power. On the contrary, it is the Rum power which is pulverizing JOHN L. SULLIVAN. The fact can well be noticed by those who believe that all things, even the evil ones, have their uses.

NOW a Chinese syndicate has gone into the trust business, this time in California. The Chinese are imitative people, but unless they are careful they will make themselves unpopular.

THE leader of the Egyptian dervishes announces that he is going to conquer the world. He might begin with New Jersey.

WORK FOR THE WEST.

If the West wants the exposition of 1892 to be held in its midst, it must work for it. Expositions are no different from anything else, and cannot be had for the asking. As the matter stands now, the dispute is simply one of locality. The sentiment that an exposition should be held is universal. The question at issue is where? If the East gets it, it will go to New York. If the West, to Chicago. These are the only two localities that are worth taking into any serious consideration. Other cities would doubtless like to have the show, but these cities, like men, often want what they cannot get, and the wise ones are those who, knowing they cannot obtain the chief thing they desire, take the next best.

THE BLADE would be glad to see the exposition in Toledo, but it recognizes that such a location is an impossibility. Hence it is forced to make a choice between the East and the West, between the leading city in each section. In such a case there can be but one choice, and that is the city in its own locality. It prefers that the benefits of such an enterprise will be distributed in the section where it lives, so that Toledo can get some of them, rather than in what is practically a foreign locality, where Toledo will get none. It seems strange that the entire West, and not only the West, but the South and the Pacific coast, does not take the same view of the matter and unite in an effort to secure the fair for Chicago. Such an effort could not fail to be successful, and while it might be a trifle unpleasant for Cincinnati and St. Louis to join hands in helping the city that they have been accustomed to consider a rival, it would be for their own self interest to do it, and the interest of the section in which they are situated. The exposition, also, should go to Chicago for this, if for no other reason. Chicago is national while New York is provincial.

NEWSPAPER ETHICS.

A writer in the current number of the *Forum*, under the caption, "The Ethics of Journalism," brings extremely sweeping accusations against the American newspaper press of unmeasured mendacity—of lying for the love of a lie. The assertion is largely untrue. Intentional falsehood is the exception in American newspapers of any standing and repute. That errors will occur in necessarily hurried accounts of events, is true to some extent; but even here the error are generally confined to minor matters of detail, and are unintentional. In fact, to one who is fully conversant with the work of news-gathering, the wonder is that reports are so generally correct. We do not know of any reputable newspaper establishment, nor do we believe one exists in this country, in which wilful disregard of truth in reporting would not lead to the dismissal of the offender.

The fault-finder in the *Forum* brings the main charge against the editorial writers of the newspaper press in their discussions of questions of public interest, political or otherwise. Apparently he falls utterly to distinguish between the field of events and that of opinions. In the one, the truth is ascertainable; but when we enter the domain of theoretical writing—the discussion of principles—we may well put PILATE's question, "What is truth?" The *Forum's* writer apparently applies the empirical rule that what he believes is truth, and what he does not believe is falsehood.

This will in no wise answer. It is the mugwump position. That men may sincerely and honestly differ diametrically in the opinions they entertain needs no demonstration. For a writer to lay down the proposition that there is mendacity in this is simply to write himself down an ass. Mr. LILLY, the author of the *Forum* article referred to, evidently knows but little practically of newspaper work. He should certainly take pains to inform himself on the subject before attempting to discuss it soberly in the columns of a review.

BE QUICK!

Be quick in getting up your clubs of three-months' subscribers to THE BLADE so that their subscriptions may all begin with this week's number—that for July 25, containing the first instalment of Mr. LOCKE's new story. The demand will be great, and we may not be able to supply back numbers but a short time. If you have not yet sent for special club terms, do so *at once*.

NAVIGATING THE AIR.

The adventures of Prof. HOGAN, who attempted to navigate PETER CAMPBELL'S new air ship, leads the Chicago *Herald* to recall the unfortunate fate of DONALDSON, who made his last ascension in Chicago in 1875. The two incidents, it says, possess similar features. DONALDSON at that time was connected with a circus, and although taking a scientific interest in aerial navigation, his ascensions were a mere advertising scheme for the show. His balloon was the ordinary inflated bag, to which was attached a wicker car much resembling a huge clothes basket, in which four or five persons could comfortably stand. It had no steering apparatus, and was completely at the mercy of the atmospheric currents. The ascension was made from Dearborn park, DONALDSON being accompanied by a young man named GRIMWOOD, a reporter for a local paper. The balloon took a northeasterly course over the lake, and was soon lost to view. A severe storm of lightning, wind and rain set in soon after, and the unfortunate men were lost in Lake Michigan. GRIMWOOD's body was found some weeks later partially buried in the sands of the Michigan shore, but DONALDSON's remains were never recovered.

Professor HOGAN was engaged in attempting to demonstrate the practical feasibility of aerial navigation. His airship was the out-growth of the belief, long entertained, that it is possible for man to navigate the air. It was one of the hundreds of experiments of its kind. It was a somewhat elaborate affair, the navigating principle being that of the ordinary balloon, but, unlike that, it was supplied with an ingenious steering apparatus, with which the aeronaut believed he could control its course. But, so it happened, he was not able to demonstrate the utility of this device. By an unfortunate accident the steering apparatus fell to the ground soon after his departure, and the ship was blown helplessly to sea, where, he seems, like DONALDSON, to have found a watery grave. Whether, but for this accident, the experiment would have been successful, no one can tell. HOGAN'S tragic fate will in no degree abate interest in aerial navigation. There are many persons with whom the question of man's ability to sail the upper regions is little less than a mania, and there will still be plenty of adventurers who are willing to peril their lives.

THE new war cruisers are to have better accommodations for the officers. It is not believed, however, that the ornaments of our navy will be any more anxious for sea duty in consequence.

AN Alabama postmaster has been shot for peeping into a mail package. If this practice is kept up, the office of postmaster in small towns will soon go begging.

IT has now been proven that GENERAL BOULANGER is a conspirator and a traitor. He has, however, not yet been accused of writing the ARTHUR RICHMOND letters.

A FALSEHOOD OF THE FREE TRADE CLAN.

The free trade Democratic papers of the country do not seem to be able to tell the truth about anything connected with the tariff issue. The position of the Republican party in the 1888 campaign is constantly and maliciously mis-stated by them. Every labor difficulty, every difference between employers and employes, is made the handle for the false assertion that the Republican party promised, during last year's campaign, that if it were successful and HARRISON were elected, better wages would be paid.

This statement is an ingenious lie. No Republican speaker, no Republican newspaper, ever made such a statement, or one resembling it. It is a singular fact that the Democratic press, with a few honorable exceptions, in speaking of political issues, presumes upon the ignorance of the people; while the Republican press, in political matters, appeals to the intelligence and patriotism of its readers. The statement we refer to above assumes the crassest ignorance, on the part of the readers of the papers making it, as to the real issue of the last campaign. The truth of the matter is this:

The issue on which the campaign was fought was made by the Democrats, who in their national platform, adopted at St Louis, endorsed CLEVELAND'S free trade message and the Mills tariff bill.

The Republicans at Chicago placed themselves squarely upon the American principle of protection. The Republican position was (and is), that the only reason England and other foreign countries can manfracture goods cheaper than we is because they pay less for labor, the American scale of wages being much higher than that they pay; that the cut in the tariff proposed by the Mills bill would compel us to one of two things—either the closing of industrial establishments in America or a cut in wages, so that American workingmen would have to accept as low wages as are paid in Europe.

Hence, the position was not that wages should go up if the Republicans carried the day; but that, if the Democrats were successful, and carried their free trade schemes into effect, wages here would necessarily come down. The workingmen were appealed to to maintain the present average of wages by voting the Republican ticket—which is very different from a promise of higher wages.

The protective policy has been in operation in this country since 1861. In the period since then, there have been many variations in the labor market, and in the prices paid. We have had panics and periods of dullness, when wages came down; we have had booms, which caused wages to advance. There has been a steady advance in the average rate of wages, however, under the protective system, as well as an increase in purchasing power, due to the cheapening of manufactured products which is the direct result of protection.

Now, neither a free trade policy nor a protection policy can avoid periods of dullness, or a surplus in the labor market, and other things which affect the rate of wages. Wages will fluctuate under the one as well as under the other, as every one knows—for there are strikes, and lock-outs, and other labor troubles in free trade countries as well as in protective ones. But the average rate of wages is always higher here, even at its lowest, than it is in England; and that it is so is due entirely to the protective policy.

There is nothing more certain than that the adoption of the free trade policy in this country would be followed by a heavy cut in wages all along the line, among all men working for hire or salary. No one claimed last year, or claims now, that the retention of the protective system would increase wages; but the claim was made, and truthfully, that this cut of one-third to one-half would be avoided by it. The event has proved it true; for though there are labor troubles now, as there is in England, the average of wages is kept up, and our industrial interests are all in a fairly prosperous condition.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere*.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The number of unsolicited contributions we are receiving compels us to state again that THE BLADE does not pay for volunteer contributions. We employ a large editorial staff, for the purpose of having articles for the paper prepared under our own direction, and suited to our ideas. This precludes the possibility of our accepting and paying for outside contributions. Contributors will favor us by noting the following:

We do not wish to make any arrangement for serial stories, nor for a series of articles, of any kind, upon any topic whatever.

We do not wish any poetry of any kind.

We do not wish *anything* sent for which payment is expected.

We can not send THE BLADE in return for contributions of any kind.

Again—*don't* send poetry!

We do not wish to make arrangements for a series of letters, descriptive or otherwise, from any part of the world.

We are glad to receive contributions for the Household, the Camp Fire, and the Farm, for which no remuneration is expected; but we do *not* want stories, poetry, long letters, or anything else for which we are to pay.

Don't send us an article without inclosing enough postage to return it to you. The following points in the preparation of manuscript should always be observed, no matter whether you send your writings to THE BLADE or elsewhere:

Write with good black or violet ink, on a good quality of white paper. Don't crowd your writing, nor interline. Never use lead pencil, or poor paper.

Write on one side of the sheet only. Commercial note, packet note, or square letter paper are the best. Number the pages, but do not paste nor pin them together.

Never roll manuscript. We make it an inflexible rule not to read contributions that are rolled. If on note paper, cut two pieces of pasteboard the exact size of a sheet, put your article between, and send it without folding. If on square letter paper, fold once, in the middle, and wrap as before.

Don't get angry if your contribution is declined. It may be excellent, but yet not suit the purpose of the editor. He knows better than you what he wants.

Lastly—don't send THE BLADE any poetry!

A LEARNED professor takes up considerable time and space to explain that there is no danger of the earth caving in on account of the cavities caused by drawing out oil and gas. He might have saved his energy, as no one is any wise alarmed in the matter. Had he demonstrated some method by which man can eat watermelon without being sorry for it afterwards his work would have been of more avail.

THE Democratic incumbents of Presidential postoffices can now breath easier. It is said in Washington that no more changes are likely to be made in those offices until next December, as no terms expire until then, unless vacancies occur by death or resignation, or removals are made for cause.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

D. R. Locke's Last Story Begun To-day.

Read the Opening Instalment on the First Page.

A Special Request to Every Reader of the Blade.

According to announcement previously made, we begin in this issue of THE BLADE the publication of D. R. LOCKE's last and best work, "The Demagogue." It will be found one of the most interesting works of fiction ever presented to the public. It is not written so as to end each instalment at a critical point in the story, like the catchpenny sensational novels in the story weeklies. It is a carefully-drawn picture of life in Northwestern Ohio a generation ago, a study of human nature under that environment. It was designed, by the lamented author, to be his best and strongest work—one that would add to his fame rather than detract from it.

Even in the opening chapter the readers of THE BLADE who are familiar with the "Nasby" Letters will recognize at once a style that was peculiar to Mr. LOCKE.

The poet POPE declared that

"The proper study of mankind is men,"

And Mr. LOCKE found an exhaustless subject of study in human nature, and in the delineation of it under various surroundings. Perfectly familiar with the people and the community in which the scene of "The Demagogue" is laid, he has used real incidents and actual people freely in writing it. There are many who will recognize, under the veil of fiction, characters and events narrated in its pages.

We wish *everybody* to read "The Demagogue." Subscribe AT ONCE, so as to get it complete.

Special Request.

Send us *at once* the names of every one you can think of, with their postoffice addresses, that we may mail to each a sample copy of this issue of THE BLADE, with the opening chapter. We are sending out many thousand copies of this week's paper, and wish to send out many thousands more. We will take it as a personal favor if *every* reader will send us at once a list of names.

BOULANGISM IN FRANCE.

The French Republicans are making desperate efforts to carry the approaching elections and to give Boulangism an overwhelming defeat. The Elections bill, piled up without warning in the Chamber of Deputies and passed on the 13th inst., marks a departure from traditional methods. It prohibits plural candidacies. This has been a mode of procedure which BOULANGER has used freely. He has been a candidate in several departments at once, carrying all, and then resigning the seats.

The *scrutin d' arrondissement*, or elections by single districts, was substituted for the *scrutin de liste*, or department elections—which would be equivalent to all the twenty-one Representatives in Congress from Ohio being elected on a general ticket by the entire state—a few months ago, in order to deprive BOULANGISM of the privilege of standing for a large number of departments simultaneously, and also of increasing his prestige by securing a series of successive elections by large bodies of voters.

The *scrutin d'arrondissement* is now modified so as to exclude the simultaneous election of the same candidate in many districts. General BOULANGER and his lieutenants will be required to choose their districts and to stand each for one only; and if they are at the head of more than one poll, the votes cast for them will be thrown out, and that the candidate next on the list will be declared elected. The general will be eligible for election in only one district, and ballots thrown for him elsewhere will be illegal and excluded in the official count.

This action of the deputies will have the double effect of hampering the Boulangists and of magnifying the importance of the coalition movement. The general's name cannot be used as a magnet to attract various classes of discontented voters. They will be compelled to cast their ballots for candidates more or less obscure,

NEXT WEEK

We Hope to Begin a Series of Illustrated Letters From Europe.

The editor of THE BLADE, Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE, is now in Europe, on a vacation tour, to seek needed rest and recreation. His headquarters are at Hamburg, and he will spend about two months among the people of Northern Germany. He will write a series of letters for publication in THE BLADE, which will be

Illustrated by Photographs Taken on the Spot.

We hope to receive the first letter for publication next week, but are not absolutely certain that it will reach us in time, though the chances are that it will. These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American readers about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE (Nasby), and thus had an unequaled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE'S graphic letters.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

The teacher a lesson he taught;
The preacher a sermon he praught;
The stealer, he stole;
The boaler, he bole;
And the screecher, he awfully scraught.

The long-winded speaker, he spoke;
The poor office-seeker, he soke;
The runner, he ran;
The dunner, he dan;
And the shrieker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew.
The buyer, on credit he bow;
The deer, he did;
The sure, he shed;
And the bee (a fisherman) few.

The writer, the nonsense he wrote;
The fighter (an editor) fote;
The swimmer, he swam;
The shimmer, he skam;
And the biter was hungry, and bote.
—*Woman.*

AN EXPENSIVE FIND.

He Found a $5 Gold Piece and Has Lots of Fun.

"Jee, Whilikens what's that?" Higgins made a dive for something in the mud at his feet, fished it out between his thumb and finger, and slapped his thigh joyfully, as he said: "A five-dollar gold-piece, sure as guns! First money I ever found in my life! I'll have a new hat out of that, and take the babies home some toys and something to my wife!"

A moment later he met two friends and said:

"Ha, Smythe, how are you? How are you, Hunter? Spooning we step into Archie Flynn's place and take something. I've just found five dollars, and I'll set 'em up on the strength of it."

What he "set up" cost 80 cents, and ten minutes later he met three of the "boys" from the office and generously "set up" cigars all 'round."

Then he tossed 25 cents to a blind beggar and gave the office boy 10 cents for blacking his boots.

He wrote a letter to his married sister that morning, to which there was the following postscript:

"I picked up $5 on the street to-day and inclose $2 of it with which you may get the children something from Uncle Henry."

"Guess I'll go down to the Parker house and get my dinner to-day instead of to the lunch counter 'round the corner," he said at noon; "I can afford something extra to-day."

Then he paid $1.50 for a new straw hat, spent $1 for toys for the children, and another dollar for a vase for his wife.

"By Jove!" he said, as he was passing a theatre, "my wife's been wanting all the week to go and see Lotta, and I said we couldn't afford it, but hang it if we can't when a fellow picks up $5 gold pieces out of the mud!"

A day or two later, Higgins found rather sober amusement in covering a sheet of paper with the following figures:

"Things bought with $5 I found Wednesday—hat, $1.50; theater tickets, $2; cigars for boys, 50 cents; drinks for boys, 80 cents; sugar, 25 cents; office boy, 10 cents; sister Nell, $2; dinner at Parker's, $1.50; toys for children, $1; vase for wife, $1; box early strawberries, 50 cents; neck ties, $1.50; new cane, 90 cents; pound candy, 40 cents; gloves, $1.50; gave wife, $1.50; total, $16.95."

"If I'd found $20 I'd have gone into bankruptcy, hanged if I wouldn't," he said, as he turned to one of the boys and borrowed a dollar to last him until Saturday.
—*Time.*

Made to Lick.

Good-by, old postage stamp, your head
Will not much more be seen,
While your successor will be read,
Your memory will be green.
Omaha World.

How to Manage a Man.

A man never stoops to the means employed by women; he is broader, more liberal, he applies himself to the things which belong to the day, the hour and the object for which we live. Who ever heard of a man losing his temper because his suit would not match his complexion, or fume because six-button gloves had been sent when he ordered seven? What man would faint on Broadway because the clasp that held his hosiery gave way and wriggled on the sidewalk? None! Yet I saw that happen to a woman to-day!

Yet men are very much like children. Humor them, and they will do your bidding. Make them believe they are always having their own way, don't let them see the silken net you have woven about them, and they will blandly obey your will; but once let them believe they are captive, and no puny woman's power will avail against their superior strength.—*Marie Jansen in N. Y. World.*

The Elephant and the Stork.

One day an elephant saw, for the first time, a stork standing upon one leg. "Well, well," mused the elephant, "that seems very sensible. What is the use of my using all four legs at once! Better use one at a time, and rest the other three. May my tusks turn into vegetable ivory," continued the apt old pachyderm, "if I don't try that." So up he jumped on one of his hind legs, and enjoyed the sense of triumph for about one-thousandth part of a second, at the expiration of which period he lost his balance and slid down a sand hill with such speed that you couldn't tell where the elephant commenced or the landslide ended. Having rubbed an acre of sand out of his eyes, he said: "The moral of this fable should teach you that imitation is the sincerest flattery; yet should you ever try to be yourself, and no one else. It also might teach you the nobility of acknowledged honest defeat, and of remaining in the background, and allowing another to assume the role of the dog upon which a novelty is tried."—*Puck.*

English Notions.

The more English notions we adopt the better, provided they do not savor of snobbery. English pluck, English will, English physique, English sports, we want. Indeed, they are quite as American as they are English. If Americans have beaten the English on the field of battle, if they have vanquished them on the sea or on the ocean, it is because of their Saxon ancestry. No other nation can do it. The brave, indomitable spirit of the American is his Saxon birthright. It is fanned by the free air of this country, but the liberty to breathe that free air is of English origin, and had it not been for the Magna Charta and the Commonwealth, there would have been no United States Constitution. Look at our own history and our institutions. Our common law, our jury system, are English; our language and such of our religions as are not alien in their conception and spirit are of English or Scotch origin. Why should we not be proud of our Saxon ancestry?—*America.*

Penalty of Humorists.

A bright youngster said, the other day, that he had made up his mind to go through life laughing and joking. He thought that was the way to win friends and be popular.

"Try it," growled an old man, "and you will never amount to a row of pins. Tom Corwin said that the world never built monuments to its jolly fellows—all the monuments are monopolized by the solemn asses!"

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XVII.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground the dead and wounded lay;
Among them was a drummer boy, who beat the drum that day.
A wounded soldier held him up, his drum was by his side;
He clasped his hands and raised his eyes and prayed before he died.

"Look down upon the battle-field, Oh, Thou, our Heavenly friend!
Have mercy on our sinful souls:" the soldiers cried, "Amen!"
For, gathered 'round a little group, each brave man knelt and cried;
They listened to the drummer boy, who prayed before he died.

"Oh, mother!" said the dying boy, "look down from Heaven on me;
Receive me to thy fond embrace; Oh, take me home to thee!
I've loved my country as my God; to serve them both I've tried."
He smiled, shook hands; death seized the boy who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept, then, like a child; stout hearts were they, and brave.
The flag his winding-sheet—God's book the key unto his grave.
They wrote upon a single board these words: "This is a guide
To those that mourn the drummer boy who prayed before he died."

Ye angels 'round the throne of grace, look down upon the braves
Who fought and died on Shiloh's plains, now slumbering in their graves.
How many homes made desolate, how many hearts have sighed;
How many like the drummer boy have prayed before they died?

O, WRAP THE FLAG AROUND ME, BOYS!

B. STEWART TAYLOR.

O, wrap the flag around me, boys,
To die were far more sweet,
With freedom's starry emblem, boys,
To be my winding-sheet;
In life I loved to see it wave,
And follow where it led,
And now my eyes grow dim, my hands
Would clasp its last bright shred.

CHORUS:—Then wrap the flag around me, boys,
To die were far more sweet,
With Freedom's starry emblem,
To be my winding-sheet!

O, I had thought to greet you, boys,
On triumph's well-won field,
When to our starry banner, boys,
The traitorous foe should yield;
But, now, alas! I am denied
My dearest earthly prayer:
You'll follow and you'll meet the foe,
But I shall not be there.

But though my body molder, boys,
My spirit will be free,
And every comrade's honor, boys,
Will still be dear to me;
There in the thick and bloody fight,
Ne'er let your ardor lag,
For I'll be there, still hovering near,
Above the dear old flag.

SHILOH'S HILL.

(Published by Request.—Tune, "Jo. Bowers.")

Come all ye valiant soldiers, a story I will tell,
It was the noted battle you all remember well.
It was an awful strife, and will cause your blood to chill,
It was the famous battle that was fought on Shiloh's hill.

On the sixth day of April, just at the break of day,
The drums and fifes were playing for us to march away.
The feelings of that hour I do remember still,
When first my feet were treading the top of Shiloh's hill.

About the hour of sunrise the battle it began,
Before the day had vanished we fought them hand to hand.
The horror of that field did my heart with anguish fill,
For all the dead and wounded that lay on Shiloh's hill.

Men from every nation lay on that bloody plain.
Fathers, sons and brothers, were numbered with the slain.
It caused so many houses with mourning to be filled,
All from this bloody battle that was fought on Shiloh's hill.

The wounded men were crying for help from every where,
While others who were dying were offering God their prayer:
"Protect my wife and children, if it be Thy holy will."
Such were the prayers I heard that night on Shiloh's hill.

And early the next morning we were called to arms again,
Unmindful of the wounded, unmindful of the slain.
The battle was renewed, and ten thousand men were killed,
This was the second conflict of the famous Shiloh's hill.

The battle it raged on, though dead and dying men
Lay thick upon the ground, on the hill and on the glen,
And from their deadly wounds the blood flowed like a rill.
Such was the mournful sight I saw on Shiloh's hill.

Before the day was ended, the battle ceased to roar,
Ten thousand brave soldiers had fell to rise no more,
And left their vacant ranks for some other ones to fill,
And now their mouldering bodies all lie on Shiloh's hill.

And now my song is ended about that bloody plain.
I hope the sight by man will ne'er be seen again.
I pray to God, the Savior, if consistent with His will,
To save the souls of those who fell on Shiloh's hill.

SONGS WANTED.

The editor of THE BLADE will be under obligations for careful copies of the following war songs, which have been called for by comrades. If printed copies can be sent, they are preferred:

"The Captain With His Whiskers,"
"The Arms of Abraham,"
"Let Me Kiss Him For His Mother,"
"E Pluribus Unum,"
"The Cumberland's Crew,"
"Richmond on the James,"
"Along the Kansas Line,"
"Battle of Mill Springs,"
"Jimmy Folger,"
"Death of Ellsworth,"
"Nicodemus the Slave,"
"Our Mission,"
"Susie, Lovely Susie,"
"In Old Virginia Lowlands,"
"The Little Octoroon,"
"The Stranger Volunteer."
Song beginning, "We are gay and happy Suckers from the state of Illinois."
Song beginning, "Oh, Brother Green, do come to me."
Song beginning:
"Don't weep for me, my darling!
Don't weep for me, my dear!
Don't weep for my long absence
While I'm a volunteer!"
Song beginning:
"Come listen to my story,
A short one I will tell,
Of how I joined the army,
To serve my country well."
Song, one verse of which begins:
"The Congress scow went down,
The Minnesota fast aground."
Also, the songs of the Hutchinson family, sung in McClellan's camp at Manassas, which they were prohibited from singing there because they were "incendiary:" also Whittier's poem dedicated to them, of which the chorus runs:

"The winds will wing it,
The birds will sing it."

Earning Their Living.

Miss Miland Fuller, the daughter of the Chief Justice, who was graduated from Wellesley college the other day, is to read law with her father, and is to be a lawyer. Another of the Chief Justice's quiver full of daughters is studying music professionally in Germany. Miss Pauline Fuller ruined her professional prospects by getting married. Senator Wade Hampton's daughter, of South Carolina, the very truest of the blue bloods, is studying in Baltimore to be a professional nurse, while Representative Breckinridge's daughter is one of the teachers in a public school in Washington. As for writing for the newspapers, it is a regular fad, and several charming society girls do amateur reporting at balls and parties and receptions.—*Albany Journal's Washington Letter.*

And So in Duquesne Must Remuesne.

A maiden there is of Duquesne,
Who to procrastination is fuesne;
She starts for the city,
But—more is the pity—
Invariably misses the truesne.
—*Chicago Mail.*

A Very Light Diet.

A little resident of the suburbs, the daughter of a Boston banker, has a most emphatic and original way of expressing her likes and dislikes. Not long since she accompanied her mother upon a call at the house of a friend, and while there was served with cake and whipped cream. The latter de licacy was not a familiar one to the child, nor did it impress her favorably. A relative questioned the little one on her return home as to what she had for refreshment. "Jes' cake an' soapsuds," was her reply.—*Boston Budget.*

MEXICO'S WHITE HOUSE.

The Magnificent Pile of Marble That Maximilian Once Occupied.

President Diaz, of Mexico, has moved his official residence out to the Castle of Chapultepec, which becomes once more—for the first time since the unlucky Maximilian and his charming wife lived there—the "White House" of Mexico. Chapultepec is one of the loveliest spots imaginable. It is unique in itself, as well as its name—"The Hill of the Grasshopper."

Montezuma made his summer house here, and an underground passage, still in existence, was made by his direction, to a point in the valley below, so that the Aztec chieftain could go and come as he pleased. Under the old cypress trees in the park, the conqueror Cortez pitched his tent after the celebrated "Noche Triste," or night of sorrow, when the Aztecs fell upon the Spaniards and massacred them. Here Maximilian and the unfortunate Charlotta made love as they promenaded the magnificent marble terraces which were built by order of the "Austrian Grand Duke." Here the American army fought a bloody but decisive battle—one which has made the queer word Chapultepec familiar to American ears. One might relate numberless historical incidents connected with the spot which abounds in memories, if space permitted, but the place itself demands some description.

Imagine a park of 1,000 of acres, covered with a dense growth of cypress, many of the trees 500 or 600 years old. The gray Spanish moss festooned from limb to limb adds to the picture queness of the scene. In the center of this park—which is surrounded by massive walls on three sides, the old aqueduct forming the barrier on the fourth—rises a precipitous mound, if such a term will express the idea. This mound is composed principally of rock, and is probably 200 feet in height. There is but one road to the top, the summit being inaccessible, except by this single route.

Upon the very apex stands the castle, completely covering the space, so that no matter from which direction you look there is a sheer descent of nearly 100 feet. The castle was built in sections, and presents no singular feature of architecture, except a peculiar double staircase that seems to have no supports. When Maximilian first saw the staircase he remarked to the architect that he would not trust his own weight upon it; whereupon the designer, with his majesty's permission, brought a regiment of soldiers and marched them up and down the stairway ten abreast, thus demonstrating its strength. This staircase is the only one of its kind in existence, and is built of white marble and brass.

The terraces at Chapultepec are one of the sights of Mexico. They are floored with white marble, with brass balustrades, and lighted by electricity. The upper terrace extends the entire distance around the castle, and is 24 feet broad. Lovely little flower gardens are located at frequent intervals, and here are blooming geraniums, fuschias, heliotrope and mignonette, making the air rich with perfume, and adding to the brightness of the scene.

The furnishing of the castle for the reception of President Diaz has been very elaborate. The private apartments are in the northwest wing. Each room is frescoed appropriately. The chess room has a chess board in the centre of the ceiling, with the bishops, kings and queens in a merry dance about, the pawns furnishing appropriate music from the four corners of the room. The private reception parlor of the president's wife is "done up" in pink silk, with plush and brocade hangings to match. Every wall in the entire suite of rooms is covered with silk brocade instead of paper.

The bedroom occupied by the President and his wife was decorated and furnished at an expense of $30,000. The dining room has a seating capacity that is limited to thirty persons. The magnificent solid silver that once belonged to the Emperor Maximillian is to be used, but the china and glassware are not in keeping with the royal magnificence of the silver; one of the soup tureens requires four men to carry it, when filled.

President Diaz is greatly loved by his followers, and he will doubtless make the castle of Chapultepec quite as brilliant as it was in the days when the Austrian and Empress Carlotta drove their eight gray horses and golden state chariot up the hill and made the castle ring from alcove and gallery, from garrison to the entrance gates with gayety. Mme. Diaz is a most brilliant woman and can entertain royally, should she take the notion. All Mexico has its eyes upon her, and it remains with her to add immeasurably to the gayeties of the capital.

A DOCTOR'S DON'TS.

Don't read in street cars or other jolting vehicles.

Don't torture the body with heavy clothing in summer.

Don't pick the teeth with pins or any other hard substance.

Don't neglect any opportunity to insure a variety of food.

Don't sleep in a room provided with stationary wash stands.

Don't eat or drink hot and cold things immediately in succession.

Don't pamper the appetite with such variety of food that may lead to excess.

Don't read, write, or do any delicate work unless receiving the light from the left-side.

Don't direct special mental or physical energies to more than eight hours' work in each day.

Don't neglect to have your dentist examine your teeth at least every three months.

Don't forget that moral defects are as often the cause as they are the effects of physical faults.

Don't allow your servants to put meat and vegetables into the same compartments of the refrigerator.

Don't keep the parlor dark, unless you value your carpet more than your and your children's health.

Don't delude yourself into the belief that you are an exception as far as sleep is concerned; the nominal average of sleep is eight hours.

Don't endavor to rest the mind by absolute inactivity; let it seek its rest in work in other channels, and thus rest the tired part of the brain.

Don't neglect to constitute yourself a public protector by thrusting into the gutter every banana or orange peel you may encounter on the sidewalk.

Don't wear a shoe the sole of which is not broader than the outline of your sole when pressed by your full weight upon a piece of paper marked with a pencil.

Don't wear pointed shoes, which have a tendency to dislocate the second toe upward and to produce ulcerations, sometimes so severe that they demand amputation.

Don't hesitate to avail yourself of every opportunity to rest at midday during hot weather. Follow the example of the denizens of hot regions, who quite naturally indulge in the needed "siesta."

Don't eat pork. When it is absolutely unavoidable to do so it should be rendered harmless by being exposed to strong heat long enough to be converted into a decided gray color, even to its innermost part.

ADVICE TO LITTLE MEN.

Teach a Boy to Have Confidence in His Own Ability.

Much prosy advice is bestowed on boys and young men that never gets beyond the drums of their ears. One of the most useful ideas you can introduce in a young head is that its owner is bound to make his mark in the world if he chooses to try. Teach him that it depends solely upon himself whether he soars above the dead level of mediocrity or not, whether he crawls or flies. Give him, as far as possible, confidence in his own inherent capabilities. Argue that he has the same faculties by which others have risen to distinction, and that he has only to cultivate them and apply in their exercise that mighty propulsive agent, a determined will, in order to rise. Bid him shoot his arrows, not at the horizon, but the zenith. A boy who sets out in life with the presidency in his eye, although he may fall short of the mark, will be pretty sure to reach a higher position than if his ambition had been limited to the office of town constable or a tide waiter's berth in the custom house.

This is a land where poverty is a serious impediment to advancement. Very few of our millionaires were born with gold spoons in their mouths, and several of the most distinguished of our statesmen earned their bread in early life by the sweat of their brows. Fortune's gifts are wrung from her in this country by the heads and hearts that knew no such word as fail, and fame has no special favors for the silk stocking class. Action, says Aristotle, is the essence of oratory, but is more true that energetic will is the soul of success. The best temporal advice a father can give his son is "aspire."—*New York Ledger.*

A well in the South from which a strong breeze rushed four years has suddenly taken to spouting water.

RIPE FRUIT.

"The fruit is ripe," her letter said,
"Come out and try our berries!"
I dreamed of lips so full and red,
And riper far than cherries.

She made the peony bow its head
In shame when she went by;
Her blushing cheeks were scarlet red,
And love lurked in her eye.

My every thought on her was bent,
I longed to press my suit;
And so this message back I sent:
"I'm coming for the fruit!"

On wings of love I swiftly flew,
I saw her standing there;
And in her garden never grew
A rosebud half so fair!

"The fruit!" she said; I felt compelled
To stop her with a kiss!
I swear no orchard ever held
A sweeter fruit than this!
—*Chicago Herald.*

PIERCE YOUNG'S TROOPER.

The Choice Was Difficult, and Created Consternation When Made.

Here is a story that General Pierce Young tells. Away up in the Georgia mountains lies Catoosa Springs, a favorite summer resort of Savannah and Atlanta society people. Among the pines and breezes of the hills the fever and lassitude bred from the malarial air of the low country disappear like magic. One day General Young saw an old fellow come up with a basket of eggs and a bunch of chickens for the hotel people, and recognized an old trooper of his command.

"Jake," he called out; "Jake Dorridge, how are you?"

"Why, I was a massy, gineral, how-de-do? I hain't see ye sences the wah."

They chatted for a few minutes.

"Dō you come up here often, Jake?"

"Pooty nigh every day. The folks want my chickens 'n' aigs, 'n' I likes to rest my eyes a-lookin' at some o' these yer pooty gals."

"They are handsome, aren't they, Jake?"

"Deed they air."

"Now, Jake," said Gen. Young, waving his hand toward a group of three young ladies with whom he had been chatting, "tell me which of those three young ladies is the prettiest."

"Aw, Gineral Young, they's all pooty 'Twouldn't be good manners for me to say any one was pootier'n tother."

"But, Jake, it will give them a great deal of pleasure to learn your opinion. They are great friends, and will not feel at all hurt by your decision. Now, walk right up and pick out the best looking."

After much solicitation, Jake undertook the task. He walked up and peered closely at the laughing girls. About a hundred guests had gathered by this time to see the trial. Finally Jake turned, scratching his head. All three of the young ladies wore broad sashes around their waists.

"Gineral Young, they's all three so 'pooty it is hard to make a choice, but still I am fo'ced to say that the one with the yaller beliyband is a leetle the trimmest."

There was a scream, a flutter of white dresses and three blushing young ladies, with various colored sashes, dashed into the hotel and out of sight.—*Washington Post.*

INCENSE.

What the Substance Really is That is Used in Catholic Churches.

Few know what is really used to produce the clouds of fragrant smoke, known as incense, in churches. Indeed, the ignorance extends even to those who use it. There is an amusing story, to the point, told of some of the Catholic clergy, not much more than half a century ago, when their church acquired some freedom. They wished to give a little more solemnity to the church service, and to revive what they had not dared to practice in penal days. They found an old censer, but were at loss what to get for incense, and finally fell back on the rosin filling of a plated candlestick!

The odoriferous gum that goes by the name of incense, or gum olibanum, is a resinous gum produced by the boswellia serrata or thurifera, a tall tree growing in the mountainous parts of India, and belonging to the Terebinth family. The leaves, which grow at the end of the branches, are in ten pairs, oblong, alternate, pubescent. The flowers are small and green, and in clusters smaller than the leaves. Each flower has five petals and ten stamens. The seed case is three-sided and has three divisions, each containing three seeds. The resinous fluid that exudes from the trunk and hardens rapidly is the incense. Its gum is hard, semi-transparent reddish or yellow drops, about the size of a pea. Incisions are made in the trunk to increase the flow. An inferior incense comes from Africa, produced also by a tree of the same family.

Incense was highly esteemed in ancient times, and was used in the worship of many countries. The "thus," or incense, of the Hebrews, was the "styrax" of Arabia. Some ascribe the use of incense among the primitive Christians to the necessity of purifying the air in the catacombs and other subterranean places where they were forced to worship.

Oh! That Watermelon!

You'll never harvest sorrows
From the smiles that you may cast,
And you'll never get the colic
From the melon that you passed.
Danville Breeze.

FOR HOT WEATHER.

Four Recipes for Making Good and Inexpensive Drinks.

Ginger water, which is simply water sweetened with molasses, with two tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar added to each cup of molasses, and the whole spiced with ginger, is a very palatable drink, and one which may be safely used by farm laborers, unless indulged in too freely when overheated.

Cocoa tea is healthful and inexpensive. It is made from the shells or nibs, which cost three cents per pound. Wet two ounces with a little cold water, and pour over them a quart of boiling water; cook one and a half hours; strain, and add a quart of milk heated to boiling. It should be slightly sweetened.

Oatmeal water is the cheapest and one of the most healthful hot weather drinks. It is simply oat meal stirred into cold water, and allowed to settle before drinking. This is sold in New York at a penny a glass, giving the vender about ninety-nine per cent of profit. It makes a pleasanter drink if a very thin gruel is made, using one tablespoonful of oatmeal to a quart of water. Boil for an hour, strain, and let it get very cold. Still another improvement is to add the juice of one lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each quart.

Ginger beer.—A ginger beer costing about fifteen cents a gallon is a good standby. There are many different recipes for this, but the following is the simplest: Pour four quarts of boiling water over three-fourths of a pound of white sugar; add the minced yellow peel of one lemon, and an ounce of ground ginger. Let this stand covered until lukewarm, then add the juice of the lemon and a gill of good yeast. Mix thoroughly, cover and stand in a warm place over night. Next day strain, bottle and cork, tying down the corks securely. Lay the bottles on their sides in a cool place.

Punch's Welcome to "Our Bob."

Here is *Mr. Punch's* welcome to Minister Lincoln:

"This is not my first visit to England, so I know my way about some.—Mr. Robert G. Lincoln.

Lowell and Phelps were two splendid men,
Whom Mr. Punch honored with pencil and pen;
To part with them was not too pleasant to think on,
But here's a new link with Columbia in Lincoln!
Welcome! Were't but for the sake of your father,
Know your way round about England, Sir? Rather!
And where you do not, trust Punch to instruct you;
He goes everywhere and will gladly conduct you.
Your health in a bumper from Punch and the nation,
And long may you stay at the U. S. legation!

Mr. Lincoln's name is not Robert "G." and it is not likely he ever said he "knew his way about some." But probably Mr. P. meant well.

One Ring Visible.

After the ball (younger sister to elder sister inquiringly)—What were you and Mr. —— talking so long about last night?

Elder sister (sleepily)—Oh, about Saturn's rings.

Younger sister (sarcastically)—And you saw them, I suppose?

Elder sister (crushingly)—Well, no; but I can see this solitaire diamond ring pretty clearly.—*Tombstone Epitaph.*

Unhappily Wed.

Mrs. A. (continuing the discussion)—And, pray what age were you, Major B., when you were married?

Major B.—Really, my dear madam, I do not remember with any exactness, but I certainly had not yet reached the age of discretion.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Carping Critics.

The Philadelphia *Times* is a Democratic paper, but it has the honesty to say: "There are carping critics who complain of the President every time he leaves the capital for a yacht ride or for a visit to his family at Cape May or Deer Park, but everybody of average sense is glad to see him take a rest whenever he can get it."

Col. Donn Disqualified.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Col. Donn Piatt regards the Democracy as "the organized ignorance of the country." The intelligence of this estimate shows clearly enough that Col. Piatt is disqualified for membership in that party.

Sunday Closing.

They sat within the parlor dim
And prettily she said to him:
"I wish, dear John, that you'd behave;
If not, I wish that you would shave."

Our Bob.

The London *Star*, in speaking of Minister Lincoln, says: "Robert T. Lincoln, the American minister, possesses a good many advantages over his predecessors. He is more the typical American. Coming from the West, he brings with him a warm cordiality and heartiness of manner. He is rather a tall man with brown hair and blue eyes. His face expresses much earnestness and honesty, and he has a low, agreeable voice in conversation. Mr. Lincoln will be ably assisted in his social duties by Mrs. Lincoln, who has had a large experience socially, and is both charming and full of tact in her manner."

Immigration Still Dangerous.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Immigration is not as heavy this year as it was thus far in 1888, the falling off being nearly 20 per cent. About the usual proportion of objectionable persons, however, are probably coming in, and the need of adopting measures to keep them out is just as real and vital as ever.

Bogus Interviews.

Chicago Journal.

President Harrison appears to be peculiarly the victim of bogus interviewers, who publish what he did not say and charge it to him, and then abuse him for it. And President Harrison has a very comfortable and wise way of getting along with the annoyances, by refusing to say anything on the subject except that the newspapers must take care themselves of the stories that they fabricate.

A Sensible View of the Ohio Campaign.

New York Tribune.

The Republicans of Ohio have two good reasons for believing that they are going to win at the forthcoming election. In the first place, they have placed a strong and popular ticket in the field, and enunciated resolutions which make a strong and popular platform. In the second place, their record in the management of state affairs commends Republicans to the confidence of intelligent men who appreciate good and faithful service. Governor Foraker and the other nominees are men of experience, sagacity and character; their Republicanism is of the stanch and trustworthy sort; and Ohio would take no step backward in any direction under their administration. To appreciate the distinction with a difference between Republican and Democratic control in Ohio one has only to contrast what was done for public interests while Hoadly was governor and what has been done for them under Governor Forakor.

Fruits of Protection.

Boston Journal.

A quarter of a century ago most of our paper was manufactured abroad. Now we manufacture for our own markets, import hardly any, and export some to Australia, Mexico and South America. Will some free trade journal kindly tell us whether this development of our paper industry would have been possible if there had been no protection?

Free Trade in Holland.

An influential Dutch paper, the *Dagblad van Zurdhollanders Graevenhag*, concludes a recent editorial article on free trade in Holland thus: "Everywhere does protection prove victorious. Only in this country (Holland) does free trade manage to maintain itself, and pretty soon we shall stand alone with our inpractical tariff. The experiment of a wise protection should be tried. Internation difficulties need not be apprehended, and national benefits certainly may be expected."

Yes! Yes!

Philadelphia Press.

All repartee
Must Irish be.
We have in proof of that
The fact that it
Is only wit
Exactly as it's "pat."

Nothing But Paper Wads.

Brooklyn Eagle, Dem.

That those who differ from Mr. Blaine politically deem it necessary to pursue him with all sorts of ridiculous rumors and reflections is not to their credit. There is nothing equitable, manly or wholesome in the tactics employed by his more aggressive adversaries.

One on Campbell.

Cleveland Leader.

The Democrats of Ohio ought not to kick against a pension system that enabled their leading candidate for governor to draw $120 a year for eleven years for chronic diarrhœa, contracted during his eight months' service. We have no doubt Mr. Campbell deserved the money, and we are glad he got it, but how it does look to see the Bourbon organs berating the policy and the legislation that enabled him to receive it. They had better drop Corporal Tanner and consider some pension matters nearer home.

Egan and Schurz.

The Boston *Pilot*, speaking of the mugwump cry against the appointment of Patrick Egan as minister to Chili, recalls the fact that Abraham Lincoln made Mr. Schurz United States minister to the court of Spain, a post worth a good deal more every way than that which has been given to Mr. Egan. Carl Schurz, in 1860, was a felon in the eyes of German law, as Patrick Egan, in 1889, is one in the eyes of English law. Both have been guilty of taking a prominent part in American politics without wholly forgetting that they could also love the land of their birth.

He Surely Ought to Know.

Boston Journal.

Don Piatt describes the Democratic party as "the organized ignorance of the country." Mr. Piatt ought to know what he is talking about, for he has been editing a free trade paper for the last few months and trying to help this "organized ignorance" recapture the offices.

The Unhappy Free Traders.

Philadelphia Press.

The amicable settlement of the big strike at the Carnegie steel works in Pittsburg is a sore disappointment to the free trade organs. They were evidently quite anxious that the trouble might continue for some time and lead to rioting and destruction, merely in order that they might blame it all on the odious and horrid tariff. Really, it is too bad.

The Glass Industry.

At the semi-annual meeting of American glass manufacturers in New York the president, F. L. Bodine, reported the glass production was the largest ever known. Since the starting of the fires in September last, when Mr. Cleveland's defeat was plainly foreseen, the number of boxes put out was 3,200,000. This is a sample of the "business depression" that Democratic newspapers complain of daily.

Give Protection Fair Play.

New York Journal of Commerce, Dem.

The party of Protection is in power in both branches of congress, and has the chief executive committed to its platform. Those who opposed it were defeated, and for the present have gone to the wall. All claim to the contrary is mere pretense. Now let the protectionist show his hand in shaping such legislation as he desires.

After young Bodkins had hugged his girl he called her strained honey.

Publishers' Column.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare, No. 1 of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1889, bespoken before it went to press, and added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

CHRIST TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

A New Picture.

See announcement in another column. Every subscriber of THE BLADE who has a copy of Christ Before Pilate or Christ on Calvary, should send 25 cents for our new engraving, Christ Teaching in the Temple.

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

We have a few more copies of the above engraving on hand. Sent postpaid to any mail on receipt of 25 cents. THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A NEW PICTURE.

Washington Entering New York and the Presidents of the United States.

Printed on heavy plate paper, size 22x28, representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolution, just after the embarkation of the British troops for home. It is a spirited engraving, portraying the greatest event of our Revolution next to the Declaration of Independence. The centennial of this event will be celebrated in New York on the 30th of the present month. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

This picture sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

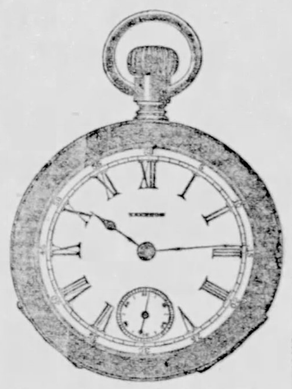
The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the fine engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight a the expense of the purchaser. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with the BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with the BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 15 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $15, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munokacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

JOHNSTOWN HORROR!

Our New Book, **The Johnstown Horror or Valley of Death**, the most thrilling book ever issued. AGENTS WANTED in every township. For terms and circulars, address National Pub. Co., 218 Clark street, Chicago, Ill

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Young Girls Who Request Correspondence With Strangers.

A young girl or eighteen desires to correspond with some young man of good moral character

The above is a copy of a letter received for insertion in the Household department of THE BLADE several days ago. Within a few days a shower of similar epistles has fallen this way, and I have come to the conclusion that a wave of romantic sentiment has struck our young people producing this outcome. I feel constrained to throw myself in the path of this wave and see if I cannot do something however little it may be, to check its further flow. And what I may say to the writer of the above epistle, I mean for all others who have sent similar notes for publication recently, as also for those who may be revolving the desirability of so doing in the near future.

I do not question the purity of the motives of this young girl in the slightest degree. I do not believe she has any thought that harm can come to her through this indulgence of a fancy. I do not suppose that she dreams that she is laying herself open to insults which she cannot repel. Her probable thought is of amusement, something with a romantic flavor to it. Possibly there may, in the background, be a floating, half defined idea that thus her "Prince" may make himself known to her, and bring her happiness and prosperity, but this she would not acknowledge even to herself.

SOMETIMES THEY HAPPEN.

I know that happy marriages are sometimes brought about in this way. I know too, that there are circumstances which render a correspondence between young men and maidens, strangers to each other, productive of good results. During the war the mails were laden with the letters passing between the soldiers and the before-time unknown girls left behind them. Many a poor fellow went to his last battle with his heart warmed and strengthened by the cheery words of some one whose face he had only dreamed of, never seen. But those were exceptional times. The impassioned call of a country whose integrity was in danger, had summoned from their homes, and from all that they loved, thousands upon thousands of young men who were thus deprived of all social enjoyments and the softening influences of woman's society. It was a hard, cruel life at best, fraught with suffering for which there had been no preparation, and the longing by these boys for mothers and sisters must have been intense. To them the bright, pleasant letters written by unknown hands were endless sources of entertainment, and were, no doubt, a help and inspiration to the brave boys in the camp and on the field, but these were exceptional circumstances, which in themselves swept away laws that would be forceful under ordinary conditions.

WHAT YOU DO.

You invite by such a letter any young man, anywhere, to write to you. You have no means of telling who may take advantage of the door into your life which you are thus opening. You would resent the insinuation that you might walk up to any stranger upon the street and invite him to your home, and yet this is what you are practically doing. Any gambler, any libertine, a person you would scorn to recognize, should you know of his character, in your own neighborhood, may write to you familiarly, may win your friendship under a false guise, may enter into your thoughts upon an equal footing with those whose probity you have proven, and may end by claiming a friendship with you, when to tolerate even, knowingly, would be a degradation. I say all this may happen; I do not say it will. It is quite possible that some bright young fellow who is on the lookout for fun, pure and simple, may accept your invitation to write, and that you may thus form an abiding friendship. It is not likely, however, for young men are apt to be a little sceptical about girls who evince such a readiness to form masculine acquaintances. And even though they may write to you, rest assured that they would emphatically oppose such a correspondence upon the part of their sisters.

NOT ALWAYS IMMACULATE.

Another thing which you, of course, have not thought of. Married men are not always immaculate in their regard for their marriage vows, and may embrace the opportunity afforded by your advertisement for a masculine correspondence, to play upon your credulity. These things are not rare, and you have absolutely no defense against against such imposition. I heard, not a great while since, of a case of this kind, where such a correspondence was carried on for months, and finally permission was solicited by the man to visit the lady. It was given, they became betrothed, and he went to her home a number of times afterwards in that character. And all the time he had a wife and several children in a city not far away. He was not enough of a villain to carry out the farce by a marriage, but ended the affair by suddenly ceasing to write. She mourned him as dead for a season, when an accident suddenly disclosed the true state of affairs. There was nothing to be done, and fearing ridicule, she kept the whole matter secret.

No, girls, I will not put your advertisement for young men correspondents in the HOUSEHOLD. Possibly, you may, by reason of such refusal, die spinsters; but that is infinitely better than marrying such a husband as you would be likely to win, if you win any, in this way. I have heard, as I said before, of happy unions resulting from such letter-writing, but the chances are mostly adverse. Nor will I aid you to place yourself where you will be open to insult and to deception.

A FEW MORE WORDS.

I will go further, and I believe every one who knows the world, and especially parents, will approve of what I say. Indiscriminate correspondence with gentlemen, even with those you know personally, should be avoided. You may *say* a great many things, which it would not be well to write, and yet the temptation to pour yourself out upon paper is often a very strong one. All young men are not discreet; all have not a keen sense of honor, and things harmless in themselves, may be made the groundwork of what would cause you the keenest mortification, if nothing more. Then, too, you may write to-day in all sincerity what a year hence you would shrink from believing you could ever have felt, but there it is in black and white to sometime stare you in the face, when the spoken word might have been forgotten.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

THE editor of the HOUSEHOLD often receives requests for "Talks" upon various subjects, and is very glad to get them, because she desires to write what will help women. Sometimes, however, it happens that for reasons that seem to her strong ones, she cannot touch upon the matters mentioned, and when that is the case, our correspondents will understand that it is altogether an impersonal thing that dictates the omission.—ED.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

SOME one writes to know whether pillow shams are still used in dressing up a bed nicely. Very many people discard them entirely, using two pairs of pillows, letting the handsome bedspread go over the first pair, and having the large show pillows encased in handsome cases. These cases should be made of fine linen, embroidered, or of linen and lace combined.

A long scarf is sometimes made to lay over these pillows, handsomely trimmed, and the ends drooping over at the sides.

SCRAP PAIL.—This is a pretty receptacle for scraps. A small wooden pail can not be easily upset, and when prettily decorated it is quite an ornament to the sewing-room. The out side should be painted with liquid gold or bronze. It then should be lined with some bright colored silesia. A spray of flowers can be painted on the outside. The handle gilded or bronzed to match the outside of the pail. A bow of ribbon ornaments the handle.—MAUD DEVERE, Jefferson, Ia.

A TABLE SCARF.—It is of old gold plush with a cluster of scarlet roses painted on the end and finished with brass crescents and gold tinsel balls.

A pretty panel is made of pale blue plush with pink roses painted on it. Hang it with a pink ribbon and put the tiny pink bells, used for bangles on the bottom.

If any one wishes I will tell them a pretty way to decorate a jar for holding cat tails.—KANSAS KATE.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl st, slip st.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r, ribbed crochet; c st st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SWISS LACE.—Cast on 16 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—3 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—5 plain—n—t o 1—n—3 plain—n—t o 1—n—5 plain; 2 row—Knit across plain; 3 row—4 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—3 plain—n—t o 1—3 plain—t o 1—1 plain; 4th row—Knit back plain; 5th row—3 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—3 plain—n—t o 1—5 plain—t o 1—1 plain; 6th row—Knit back plain; 7th row—6 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—3 st together—t o 1—n—5 plain—t o 1—1 plain; 8th row—Knit back plain; 9th row—5 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—2 plain—t o 1—n—5 plain—t o 1—1 plain; 10th row—Knit back plain; 11th row—4 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—4 plain—t o 1—n—5 plain—t o 1—1 plain; 12th row—Bind off 5 sts—15 plain.

CROCHETED WRAP.—Hook No. 8—10 ozs of white wool. This wrap is very soft and light, and when finished must be doubled exactly in half, and a fringe can be added to the doubled edge, or it looks very well left plain. Work very loosely. Begin with 8 ch, unite in a ring; work 3 double into this; work into 3 rounds of double crochet, increasing by working 2 st into 1, to keep it a round shape; do this until you have 12 sts, and now the pattern begins: 1st round—Work 2 trebles into each st; 2d round—Work 8 trebles into the 1st hole*—miss 4—work 8 treble into the next hole; by a hole we mean to work over the space of preceding row—spent work over star—there must be 6 sets of 8 trebles—end off the round with a single st; 3d round—Work 8 treble into the center; between the 2 and 3d treble of preceding row work 4 treble—miss 2—work 4 more—miss 2—work 4 more; this makes 3 sets of 4 trebles or 12 altogether—work this into each set; 4th round—Work 4 treble into 1st set of preceding ones—4 into the 2d—4 into the 3d—miss the hole and repeat from star; 5th round—4 treble into the 1st set—3 into the corner set—4 into the next 2 sets—repeat from star; 6th round—Work 4 trebles into the center of every set; 7th round—Like 6th; 8th round—4 treble into the center of each set, except the 6 corners, where you work 5—repeat from 6th round.—*Fancy Work Recreations.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO TAN SKINS OF ANY KIND.—If the skins are dried, soak in warm water till soft, then remove. Lay them on something flat, having the flesh side up. Take one-third salt, two-thirds bran, mixed well and powdered; rub on the flesh side till it is well covered; rub it in a few minutes with the hand; then turn in the edges toward the center and roll up tight; tie a string around it and hang up a few days; take it down, untie it, and rub well between the hands till soft, and it will be nice and white.

Thick skins need much more rubbing than thin ones. Skins of very thick, like calf, coyote, sheep, dog, coon, fox or bear skins, you will need to unroll them several times, and rub on new salt and alum. A brine will gather and run off the hide, but so much the better as it is taking all the blood out of the skin. If large, or thick, lay it on a slanting board, and rub with a smooth piece of wood or brick, being careful not to rub hard enough in one place to rub a hole through. If it gets too dry sprinkle with warm water, and roll up till damp, then rub again.

If the hides smell bad, wash in a weak soap suds after tanning, and before rubbing and stretching.

To stretch them, keep pulling in every direction; while rubbing around one can be making quilts, or a long one I found. If there is much flesh on them, lay on a board, flesh side up, and remove by rubbing with a brick, or a dull knife, being careful not to cut them. If there are any holes sew up on the flesh side with needle and thread or fine wire, and it will not show afterwards.

If sheep or lamb they can be colored any color you wish with Diamond dyes before rubbing and stretching.

The beauty of tanning this way is you can work at it at odd times, stretching and rubbing them a few moments at a time. When nearly done do not dampen any more, but rub dry to make them soft and white. They will get as soft as kid gloves. A cow hide with long black hair dressed in this way makes a nice buffalo robe. Maltese cats, rats, prairie dogs, squirrel and rabbits make nice caps, cuffs for dresses, gloves and trimming for sacks, also shoe tops, in fact anything that one would like trimmed in fur.

To make a rug. If you want it even cut out all the short places in the fur and sew the long ones together, being careful all the fur lays in the direction to sew neatly, draw all the hair away from the edges, lay them nicely and evenly together, then sew over and over like our grandmothers did sheets, being very careful not to draw the thread too tight or it will draw; open up the seam, blow or brush the fur and the seam will be scarcely noticeable. Have a lining the size of the rug of some strong cloth (a grain sack is best), with a layer of cotton between the lining and fur, bind all with dress braid and take a needle and thread and tack and tie on the under side to hold in place, and you have a rug that is pretty, nice and oh! so soft and warm for the feet on a cold evening.

Another way is to get as many kinds and pieces of different skins as you can, cut a block a thing of something good and strong, and sew on the pieces crazy fashion. You can work in all the small small pieces left from your other rugs.

To sew them on, lay the first one on, hair side up, just where you want it; then fit the others one at a time, and sew on the same as for a log cabin quilt; but instead of running the seam, whip over and over, then the skins will lay smooth. A nice collection is a cat skin in the center, then several rabbit skins around it, next squirrels, next rats, next ground squirrels, moles, and mice, filling in all the odd corners with any little bits. Colored glass beads can be sewed in for eyes if one wants them to look very odd. They made nice chair cushions and lounge covers as well as rugs.

To cut the skins do not use scissors, but have a sharp penknife; mark on the wrong side with a pencil, then have some one help hold it up, and cut it along the mark in that way, the hair is not soiled or injured as it would be if cut lying on anything or cut with shears. Very pretty trimming can be made by tanning young lamb skins that are curly and coloring them. If this is not plain enough, if any one will write to me, I will try to explain more fully. I can also tell how to dress bird and chicken skins with the feathers on, and duck and goose skins with the down on, to make trimmings and ties for the neck, and also how to make very pretty cheap picture frames with glass, if anyone wishes them.—MRS. BEN J. TALBOTT, Stockton, Kans.

THE HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have a thing of such practical us for many.—ED.

AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.—If Ida Reynolds will try the game "stage coach," I think she will find it very amusing. A minister's wife was telling me of it last summer. She said they often played it at their sociables given at the parsonage. First appoint some one to go around, naming each one some part belonging to the stage coach, horse or wheel, whip, harness or driver, and so on until each one has some name belonging to the coach. Then one stands in the center of the room, relates a story something like this: "As I was traveling in a foreign country, and being out of money, hired out as stage driver." Here the one named Driver has to get up and turn around once, and if the one on the floor can get his seat before he has turned around, that leaves him to continue the story. Then, perhaps, he will say: "He had not gone very far when his horse was taken sick." Here the so-called horse gets up and turns around, and so on; and every time the one that is telling the story says "stage coach," the whole crowd must turn around. This game creates roars of laughter. Then "Scissors and thimble," and "A charge to keep I have" are also amusing and harmless games. I think charades are interesting, but we want some other games along with them.

The dear old BLADE comes every Saturday evening, and I turn to the HOUSEHOLD department first. I often think of "Montana May," and wonder if she has had the same sad trials I have had. How well I would enjoy a long chat and to take a day's ramble with her.—COUNTRY WIDOW, Box 30, Osage Mission, Kansas.

DOES POLITENESS PAY?—While visiting a relative in a western town recently, the power of charming manner was brought forcibly to my mind. The lady of the house, not in her usual health for several days, received kindly calls from friends and neighbors. I happened to be in an adjoining room when a neighbor came in. The door being ajar, the uncultured tone struck me at once, together with the coarseness of expression and utter disregard of grammar. When I entered the room I expected to meet a very ordinary person, one to correspond in looks with the impression her tone and language had made. I stepped to the door to enter, but stopped there in astonishment. Before me was, as I thought at the moment, one of the handsomest women I ever met. The introduction followed, and this extraordinary individual favored me with a familiar nod, without even rising from her chair, and resumed her conversation.

Seeing that I was not expected to stand on ceremony, I quietly took a seat and studied the very attractive face. Eyes of a velvety brown, cheeks that rivaled the bloom of the peach, and red lips melting in ripe, perfect beauty.

A coronet of brown hair enveloped her shapely head, and she possessed a Juno-like figure; but alas! All that fair beauty was spoiled by the manner and expression. The more she talked, the less attractive she became, and at the end of a rather protracted call, I would have pronounced her a very ordinary, unattractive person.

Soon after, I opened the door to admit a quiet looking little lady, yes, a lady. No mistaking that every look and movement betokened refinement, but "what a plain little thing it is," was my inward thought. It was required no entertaining on mine alone for a short time, and how easy it seemed to converse with her. One look into those clear blue eyes told one that here was a soul living above the coarser things of this life. If she talked, it was in quiet, well modulated tones, expressed in correct, refined language; if she listened, it was with respectful, sympathetic attention, and I soon became aware that there was some thing about the little lady that was drawing me unconsciously to her, and before the interview was over we had become quite confidential. I felt that I had met a kindred spirit. I learned that she was from Pennsylvania, had been a school teacher there, but had left the comforts of a good home, and come to Ohio "all on account of that inevitable man who always steps in just in time to spoil a school ma'am's vocation, and she told me with a little blush, "there's nobody like my Fred." Well, I had a peep at that wonderful husband of her's, for he called to take her home, and I thought him very much like other men, but the little lady, with her pretty, winning manners, will remain a bright memory in my heart forever.—S. S.

HELPING EACH OTHER.—A few weeks ago, in reading over the editor's column, I came across the words, "Women must help each other," and they have been running in my mind ever since. Not because I had never before thought the same thing myself, but because sometimes an old thought or an old idea will strike us with a new force.

Women must help each other. Each one kind of helps who stands up loftily and says, "I certainly do pity Mrs. A. or Mrs. B.," and then draws its skirts about it and goes its way, and forgets all about her. This is a little worse even than the kind that says, "I don't pity her one bit! What else could she expect? She might have known how it would be," and then goes on to give a dozen reasons, supposed to be proof evident that the woman ought to suffer alone, and it is a charity to womankind in general to let her do so. Yet, if I must have either, I prefer this last, because it is bound to raise more or less opposition, and throw more or less sympathy on the side of the sufferer. But neither is the right way.

The true helper is sympathetic and realizes that we are all made of the same clay, and what is her sister's misfortune to-day may be her's to-morrow, next year or several years from now, and she helps her sister just in the same way as she would like to be helped under similar circumstances. She is thoughtful of her feelings and tries not to do or say anything that would wound or cause her to feel that she is putting her under everlasting obligations. It may require a little study and some tact to help in this way, but the effort will do you good, and it is time all women begin to realize the manifold responsibilities that are resting on them.—FLORENCE EUSTIS.

INQUIRIES.

The requests for songs have multiplied to such an extent that if printed they would crowd out all else, and the editor has therefore been obliged to exclude them entirely.

Will some reader of THE BLADE send pattern for crocheted baby shoe?—MISS MINNIE BERTHOLF, Greenwich, Ks.

If there are any readers of THE BLADE that have magazines or papers such as the *Yankee Blade*, Chicago *Ledger* or New York *Ledger*, which they have read and do not care for any more, if they will write to MRS. S. B. Metz, of Pardee, Atchison Co., Kas., and tell her what they have, and how much they want for them, she will send them money for papers and to pay postage.

I would like a recipe for making sandwich biscuit, also how to cook the ham for the same.

I have over 50 lbs. of magazines, including *Golden Days*, *Youths' Companion*, etc., which I will send to the readers of THE BLADE to those who send postage.—JAMES C. WILSON, box 16, Middletown, Del.

If the above has been sent before and has not appeared in the HOUSEHOLD, it is because it was not received by the editor.

Many thanks to the ladies who have answered my inquiry about cleaning ribbon. Would like a good recipe for orange cake through the dear old BLADE.—BRIER ROSE.

I wish to make an album of postal cards, and would be pleased to receive a postal with verse, name and address from each reader of this excellent paper. Would prefer something original, and hope the old, as well as the young people, will respond.

Will some one please tell how to make the elder flower water which is so highly recommended for the toilet? I would like an answer before the flowers are gone.

How can I rid my plants of the small green lice?—MRS. J. M. NICODEMUS, Van Wert, O.

I have been numbered with the "Shut-ins" since the fall of '87, and would like to hear from some of the "Shut-ins."—ETTA STOWELL, Hazleton, Barber county, Kan.

Will Montana May or some reader of THE BLADE, tell me where I can get the entertainment entitled "An Oxford Drill?"—LIZZIE DELANEY.

If the lady reader who wishes to know how and where she can learn telegraphy will send me her address, I will give her full information in all she wishes to know.—Address MRS. C. F. WOOLSEY, Milford, Neb.

Will Mrs. Jennie Ray send her address to Mrs. Emma Creg, Forsythe, Macon county, Ill?

We read almost every week requests for "old books and papers, please send to my address," etc., sometimes away from California. Now, would it not be a better way, to pack up some good reading matter and send the same to some little boy or girl in our own neighborhood? Let us give our "home children" the benefit of all good reading each member can spare.—MRS. ALBERT HANER, Pittsford, Mich., Box 268.

Can any one tell me how to destroy worms that grow on a pear tree in the month of June, kill all the leaves and cause them to drop off?—L. K.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD, who have had experience in canning fruit, tell how it can be done?—ENQUIRER.

Please give recipes for making soda biscuits, generally called "soda crackers," and also for making ginger snaps.—A. R. EDGERTON.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Mrs. May Andrews, Buda, Ill., the proper place for a family group of pictures is where the family oftenest assemble together. The dining or sitting room are both proper places. Pictures which are not portraits are usually found in the parlors. The editor recalls a dining room, the walls of which were lined with family pictures, four of them beautiful little children. Three had passed on into the other life, but their sweet faces smiled down every time the family gathered around the table.—ED.

Tell a "Subscriber" she can use water in any of the cake recipes requiring sweet milk if she will wash a meally potato through a colander and add it to the water.

Mrs. Sadie A. Authouy, you ask the sisters who use your herring bone lace to report. I knit lace from it for a table cover; think it pretty, but not nearly as pretty as a lace I knit that I call the triple herring bone (it suggested itself by using your pattern), it has three herring bones, two open work, one close.

"A Matron" can extract hickory-nut oil in this way: Grind the kernels in the coffee mill, put them in a small sack made of new cotton cloth with half the threads drawn out one way, saw two boards (the thick ends of shingles), the size of the sack, place the boards on each side where they get the most pressure. It is to be pulped neither too thick nor too thin; measure it, and to ½ pt. of it take ½ lb. of double refined sugar; dry it, put it to your pulp and let it scald on a slow fire, not to boil at all; stir it well, and there will rise a frothy white scum, which take clear off as it rises. You must scald and skim it till no rise makes on the corner of it from the pan side, then take it off and let it cool a little. Have ready sheets of glass. You must spread it on the glasses with a knife, very thin, even and smooth, then set it in the stove with a slow fire. If you do it in the morning, at night you must cut it into long strips with a broad caseknife, and put your knife clean under it and fold in two or three times over, dry them in a stove, turning them sometimes until pretty dry; but do not keep them too long, for they will lose their color. If they do not come clear off your glasses at night, keep them in the oven till next morning.

TO MAKE NICE PICKLES.—A lady reader asks to know how to make nice pickles. Mine look as if just picked from the vines. They are a year old. I pick my cucumbers leaving a stem half an inch long, and the cucumbers as long as your finger. Put them in a pail and cover with boiling water. Let them stand till cool. If to use at once put them into vinegar, adding a little ground cayenne pepper. If put in out of scalding weak brine they will pickle through very quick. If to keep, put them in a weak brine, adding one pound of alum. Keep on a plate, and grape leaves over and weight and keep submerged. When you get done packing put on a new, clean brine. Putting them in boiling water first makes them green and brittle, and they do not wilt and turn yellow.—MARY.

ELDERBERRIES FOR PIES.—I saw in THE BLADE a short time since a letter from a friend of THE HOUSEHOLD asking for a recipe for preparing elderberries for pies. Seeing no one has answered and the time is drawing near when they will ripen, I will give mine which I think is very good. Have used it a number of years: Four qts. berries, 1 qt. molasses, 1 lb. sugar, ½ pt. vinegar (not too strong.) Boil down until quite thick, put in jars, and seal with paper. When prepared for pies, take 2 tablespoonfuls for a round tin pie, add water sufficient for pie, a little boiled cider, from 1 to two spoonfuls, according to thickness. Thicken with flour. A little butter is an improvement.

When putting fruit in jars, I always wet a piece of letter paper in whisky or alcohol, or if this is not convenient, I grease the paper with butter, and lay it in on the top, after cutting it the shape and size of the jar. Then tie or paste a paper over all. Elderberries put up in this way can be opened any time, and will not have to be seated between times of using.—M. A. W., Milan, Mich.

MARBLE CAKE.—Two teacupfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of butter, 1 cupful of new sweet milk, 4 cupfuls of flour, 1 tablespoonful of corn starch, the whites of 8 eggs, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder—half of the cake. For the other half take the yolks of the eggs, and mix as above, then stir together slightly.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, 1 teacupful sugar, 1 teacupful flaur, 2 teacupfuls baking powder.

SAUCE.—Take 1¾ or 2 pints boiling water, and make it as sweet as you wish. Beat 1 egg and stir in a little flour in your sweetened water. Season to taste.—LENORA A. HANES, Central Station, W. Va.

What We Are Coming To.

Scene from battle in the year 1924, when union principles shall have carried the day:

General Commanding (to aide)—"Give my compliments to Gen. Hoffmeyer and tell him to bring up his division at once and drive the enemy off those heights there."

Aide (returning)—"Gen. Hoffmeyer's regrets. But he has ascertained that the enemy's line at that particular point is composed of non-union regiments. He therefore cannot fight them with a union division. He also requests me to state that if the battle proceeds with any scab soldiers in it he will have to boycott the campaign.—*San Francisco Report.*

Boys will be Boys.

Country Magistrate (genially to complainant).—Oh, boys will be boys! I wouldn't prosecute 'em, if I was you. That cut over y'r eye will soon heal, and ye know they wouldn't 'a' stoned ye if ye hadn't got mad when they sassed ye. Jest remember ye was a boy once y'rself, and—

Magistrate's wife (rushing in).—Silas! Silas! Them boys is in our orchard ag'in!

Magistrate (darting up).—Consarn 'em! Where's my shotgun?—*Midsummer Puck.*

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

OAKWOOD, MO.	Maggie G Felton
Otho S King	Emma E Good
Burlie W Langston	SPRING VALE, VA.
FLUSHING, MICH.	Sheldon E Borden
Edith M Wood	Charlotte A Borden
Mabel B Bailey	Mary L Borden
Gabriella M Wood	Maggie M Borden

Names this week, 11. Total 27,255.

The above embraces all names received up to July 19.

For the Young Folks.

OUR LOLA.

BY AUNTIE.

"Wis' I'a invited out to tea,"
Said our wee, sweet Lola Ree.
"Hild folks have such lots of fun,
Wis' I'a one; wis' I'a one."

"If I'a as tall as Auntie May,
(Her's doin' to marry Mr Ray),
I'd do to parties every night,
And dance, and dance 'till most daylight."

"I'd have the finest coes in town,
A lobly silt and broidered gown,
Oh! every sing would be so grand,
As any lady's in the land."

Ah, sweet Lola never knew,
That this life to very few,
Is "such lots and lots of fun,"
As she dreams of, darling one.

Could we shield our babies all,
And let no trouble them befall,
Sweet, indeed, would your life be,
Precious little Lola Ree.

HOW PATTY EARNED HER SALT.

BY WALTER LINCOLN COLBY.

"HE don't even earn her own salt," Patty had heard her mother say that morning in an impatient tone. "If she were only a boy now, she might run on errands or do something to get a little money, and goodness knows we need every cent we can get, with the interest money to be paid, and land knows what else!"

"Tut, tut, child!" had replied the good old Quaker grandmother; "thee must remember, Sophia, that the little one's but a mere chick yet, and can only pick up the bits which the mother hen scratches for." And Mrs. Drake without saying more had gone about her work, all unconscious that her words had been heard by the little girl beneath the window.

Poor Patty! How those words kept repeating themselves in her ears. Was it true she did not earn her salt?—and she was so fond of salt. Her father often laughingly remarked that Patty would probably want to salt her coffee when she grew to be a woman.

How she wished that she was a boy! Then, as her mother had said, she might earn some money by doing errands. Only the day before the boy who came to deliver the groceries had told Patty's mother that old Miss Hunter wanted a boy to run on errands for her; "but," he had added, "she's so awfully stingy with her money that none of the boys will go near her."

Perhaps though, thought Patty, she would be willing to give salt for pay. And couldn't she run on errands just as well as a boy? Her feet were good and strong, and didn't she walk three-quarters of a mile each day to school and back?

Patty resolved in spite of all the stories she had heard about the stingy old lady that she would go and ask Miss Hunter to let her do the errands for her, although her little heart beat like a trip-hammer at the very thought of so bold an undertaking.

Miss Hunter lived in an old-fashioned mansion only a short distance from the unpretentious farmhouse of the Drakes. Her brother had been a much respected squire in the quiet town, and was supposed to have been wealthy; but when he died, leaving his place to his only sister, Miss Hunter had immediately dismissed two of the servants, retaining only one old man who was lame and very deaf, to do the chores, while she occupied one room and seemed determined to have nothing to do with any one.

The only time she was to be seen on the street was on Sundays when she drove to church in the queer old chaise behind the dismal-looking horse which had won for itself the title of "Old Calamity." She never went to the stores herself, and if a peddler were so bold as to call at her door he was ordered away at once with the remark, "Don't come near me with your trash—I can't afford it!"

Patty had seen her in church sitting always in the same position, never moving a muscle of her face until the sermon was over, when she would take her spectacles off, put them into their case, and walk out in a slow, dignified manner, speaking to no one and looking neither to the right nor the left.

Such was the woman Patty had determined to serve. Was it any wonder her heart failed her? But as often as she felt like giving up her enterprise, her mother's words, "She don't even earn her salt," would ring in her ears, giving her fresh determination.

Accordingly the next day on her way home from school, Patty walked bravely up the weed-grown path and knocked on the front door with the great brass knocker, which represented a lion holding a ring in his mouth. If the lion's head had been a live one Patty would scarcely have stood more in fear of it.

It seemed to her hours before she heard any sound, and not daring to knock again she had made up her mind that she would give up the attempt and go home, when she heard a scraping sound as of a huge bolt being slid and the door was opened a very little.

"No, we don't want anything to-day," exclaimed a squeaky voice; "we've got all the pins and needles we want, and—"

"If you please, ma'am, I don't want to sell anything," answered Patty, breaking in on the old lady's speech, fearful lest the door would be closed before she could get down her errand. "I'm Patty Drake that lives in the house just a little way down the road, and I've come to ask you"—

"You needn't come here begging," began the old lady, in a sharp tone of voice. "We have enough to do to take care of ourselves without"—

"But, if you please, ma'am, I don't want to beg for anything either," again broke in Patty. "Only I heard the other day that you wanted a boy to do errands for you, and so I thought—that—maybe—perhaps I could do them for you."

"But you are not a boy," answered the old lady, opening the door a little wider.

"No'm; but I can walk just as well as a boy, and teacher says I've got a good memory, and you'd only have to pay me in—in salt," replied Patty.

"Pay you in salt, child! what do you mean?" exclaimed the old lady, opening the door still wider to get a view of her visitor.

"Why, you see, ma'am, mother said yesterday that I didn't even earn my salt, and I do like it so much, and I thought maybe you would let me run your errands for you and pay me in salt, and you could hang out a towel from the window whenever you wanted me just as mother does when she wants the butcher to stop, and I could do all you want done before and after school," answered up the little girl almost in one breath, anxious to cover all objectionable points.

"Well, well, I never!" ejaculated Miss Hunter. "How old are you, pray?"

"If you please, ma'am, I'm nine years old going on ten."

"And do you think you could keep your own counsel, child?"

"If you please, what is it to keep your own counsel?" asked Patty.

"Why, it means you mustn't tell people all that you see and hear in other folks' houses."

"Oh! I never would do that," exclaimed Patty. "Mother don't allow me to tell what I hear other folks say, 'cause she says it's telling tales out of school, and I'm sure if you would only let me do your errands for you I would never, never tell anybody what I heard."

"Humph!" muttered Miss Hunter, "your mother is more sensible than most people, and I guess," she continued, half musing, "that this little girl is just the one I want—she's big enough to do small errands and Jake can do all the large ones—which isn't many—and," turning to Patty, "so you would be willing to take your pay in salt, would you?"

"Oh! yes'm, indeed I would," she cried. "Will you—oh! will you let me, though?" and her eyes fairly danced at the prospect.

"Well, if your mother is willing, and you will be sure to do the work in good shape—and you will have to watch sharp for the cloth which I hang out when I want you. Mind, it won't do for you to be off playing somewhere every time I want you, and you know above all you are to keep your own counsel. Can you do an errand for me this afternoon?"

"I suppose," faltered Patty. "I ought to ask mother first; but I know she will let me, and I will be right back," and suiting the action to her words she sped away as fast as her feet could carry her.

Her mother was not at home; but in answer to Patty's breathless request that she might go and do something for Miss Hunter, the dear old grandmother half dozing in her chair said yes, and Patty scampered back scarcely able to contain herself, and thinking all the time how pleased her mother would be when she should hear that her little girl was actually "earning her own salt."

Miss Hunter answered her knock and handing her a covered basket, told her to take it to old Mrs. Brown, a poor, lame widow living at the end of a short cross-road which ran between Patty's home and Miss Hunter's. "But mind," she added, "you're not to say anything about it to anybody," and Polly assented, carrying the basket as she was bidden.

It did not take her long to do her errand, and then as Miss Hunter said there was nothing else to do that day she hurried home, eager to tell her mother the good news.

But she was doomed to disappointment. Her mother was indignant and declared that Patty should not be allowed to do any such thing. "The idea!" she exclaimed; "pay you in salt, indeed! No, she shan't, not if I know it."

But here the grandmother interposed. "And why not let the child do as she wishes, Sophia? Did not thee say but yesterday that Patty was good for naught at home, and if she does as the old lady desires she will not be doing mischief, and it surely can do no harm, and who knows," she added, "but the little one's innocent ways may have a good effect upon the old woman?" And at length Mrs. Drake yielded, as she always did sooner or later, to her mother's calm reasoning.

So Patty entered regularly upon her duties as errand-boy. To be sure she did not have very much to do for the old lady, but then she was doing something and was no longer a useless being.

As time wore on there grew up a strange attachment between the old lady and Patty, and after awhile it became quite an ordinary affair for Patty to stop at Miss Hunter's on her way from school even when the cloth was not hanging from the window, showing that there was an errand to be done. She delighted to step in and wash the dishes on a Saturday, and to help Miss Hunter dust the rooms on a sweeping day.

People wondered much at it, but Patty, true to her word, kept "her own counsel," and did not tell what she often longed to have others know—oh! she did want so much sometimes to tell people that what they took for miserly actions was only self-denying for the sake of others.

For Patty could have told of many a basket of needed things that went into the little cottage at the end of the lane. Many a time she had carried jellies and dainty dishes to the houses of sick poor people, but always with instructions that the receiver must tell no one where they came. Miss Hunter had told Patty confidentially that if the town people knew about it they would send every beggar that came along to her, and she despised beggars. Strange as it may seem, for once village gossip was baffled, those who received favors from the old lady respected her whims and "kept their own counsel." True, some wag in the village jocosely remarked "that the old miser," pointing to Miss Hunter's house, "had even so greedy that she sent a basket to collect the rent from some of her tenants; "but no one knew the real facts in the case.

Patty might have told, too, about the weekly letter which she carried to the postoffice, containing money to pay the board of an old feeble-minded uncle in a distant private asylum, simply because this same uncle had taken care of Miss Hunter when she was a little girl, and she had resolved that as long as she lived, he should not want for a single comfort. This had been her principal reason for the economy of the fortune left to her by the squire, which was far from being as large as people supposed.

Misjudged by others, the old lady went on in her way, taking great comfort in her new-found friend, for such Patty proved to be, while Patty on her part began to love the one who denied herself luxuries for the sake of others.

The summer wore away and winter came on cold and severe. Patty's father met with several losses in succession. First, the barn was burned; then his best two cows died of a prevalent disease and things began to look unusually discouraging. The interest on the mortgage would also soon be due again.

Mrs. Drake complained bitterly of their "poor luck," and Patty, young as she was, shared the feeling of gloom that hung over them, for they feared that they should be obliged to part with their home.

One morning as Patty was starting for school her father called her to him. "Are you going to stop at Miss Hunter's?" he asked.

"No, sir, but I'd just as soon—I shall have time enough."

"Well, I wish you would take this letter to her," and he added, "you might stop on your way home for an answer."

Patty took the letter and carried it as she was bidden, wondering much what it could be about, for her father did not often write a letter. What could he be writing to Miss Hunter for—was it something about her?

All day long her mind kept reverting to the letter, and she could hardly wait for school to be dismissed, so anxious was she to see Miss Hunter in hopes that she might find out something about it.

When Miss Hunter opened the letter Patty left that morning and read it, she found a very few simple words stating that the writer, George Drake, having met with severe losses, would be unable to pay the interest on the mortgage which was held by her, and asking for time in which to obtain the necessary money.

Although the day seemed very long to Patty, school at length came to a close and she hastened as fast as possible to the old lady's house.

Miss Hunter answered her knock and invited her to come in, and as it was very cold insisted that Patty should sit down by the fire and warm herself. For a little while they sat in silence, then the old lady said:

"Patty, do you remember the day you came and asked me to let you do my errands?"

"Yes'm."

"Have you forgotten what you told me you wanted for pay?"

"No'm."

"Why haven't you ever asked me for your pay?"

"Because I thought you would give it to me when you wanted to."

"Well, I've been thinking to-day," replied the old lady, "that it is about time you received some of your wages. You have been a good girl and have earned your salt well." So saying, she handed Patty a tin pail which she said was full of salt.

"Be careful not to spill any, and be sure you bring back the pail, as I can't spare it long," she admonished.

"Thank you ever so much," exclaimed Patty, thinking how pleased her mother would be when she should show her that she had really earned something.

"Oh"—suddenly remembering her errand—"I was to call for an answer to the letter I left this morning."

"I never mind the answer to-night," replied Miss Hunter.

It seemed to Dolly that the old lady had a beautiful expression on her face that she had never seen before as she bid her good night.

She hurried home with her pail of salt, feeling very happy at the thought that it was all her own. But Mrs. Drake shared no such feeling; her indignation began as usual to rise, and it was an effort for her to control herself and keep from saying harsh things which would have spoiled all of Polly's pleasure. What was a little pailful of sal

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE ON "HOW TO CONQUER."

Great Crowds Present at Culver Park Assembly, Indiana—Text, "When Shall I Awake? I Will Seek It Yet Again."

LAKE MAXINKUCKEE, Ind., July 21.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached to-day at Culver Park assembly, this place, great crowds being present from Indianapolis, Chicago and surrounding regions. His subject was: "How to Conquer." The text was: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." Prov. xxiii, 35. The eloquent preacher said:

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better he said: "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But, seized upon by an eradicated habit, and forced down hill by his passion, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray. How is he to get back? That is a field comparatively untounched. I propose to address myself to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear such a discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incarcerated: Now, if there be any here, come with an earnest purpose, yet tossing they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand, and call them brother. Look up! There is a glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of Gospel deliverance. The church is ready to spread a banquet at your return, and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles of your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up; it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad—which most affected you? Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years—some of them are pure and some of them impure. Which will more easily stick to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed courses on conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield? Ah, my friends, we have to take but a moment of self inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation! But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, so by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation in every one of us, but power in God's grace to overcome that force of moral gravitation.

The Power of Evil Habit.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say: "It is easy enough for them to give up evil habits. I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, ruining him, body, mind and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man, and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact is, he does not; he proves it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it then so easy to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our hearts, and our bad habits, we are sailing down stream; but the moment we try to turn, we put our backs in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream. Take a man given to the habit of using tobacco, as most of you do, and let him resolve to stop, and he finds it very difficult. Twenty-seven years ago I quit that habit, and I would as soon dare to put my right hand in the fire as once indulge in it. The struggle for it was such a terrific struggle to get over it. Now, let a man be advised by his physician to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a line of figures. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned inside down. It feels as if the business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth, and chasen a portent in the heavens? He has tried to stop smoking! Cannot stop! After a while he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor doesn't understand my case. I'm going back to my old habit." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to tobacco!

It is a Taskmaster.

Oh, the fact is, as we all know in our own experience, that habit is a taskmaster; as long as we obey it, it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Juggernauts! During the war of 1812, there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night and tossed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. Oh! how hard it is to arrest them. God only can arrest them.

Suppose a man after five, or ten, or twenty years of evil doing, resolves to do right? Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries, "God help me!" He bites his lips. He grinds his teeth. He clenches his fist in his determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine store. It was one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight, with inflamed, tantalizing and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus at the bottles of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death leap.

"When Shall I Awake?"

How many there are who resolve on a better life and say: "When shall I awake?" But, seized on by their old habits, cry: "I will try it once more; I will seek it yet again!" Years ago there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from the air hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the pond. But one young man, Henry Kinsale, after all the rest had stopped, cried out: "One round more!" He swept around and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is the one round more.

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices, society repulses him. Desiring to reform he says, "Now, I will shake off my old associates, and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day, and the usher greets him with a look as much as to say, "Why, you here? You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door!" Instead of saying, "Good morning; I am glad you are here. Come; I will give you a first rate seat, right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters the prayer meeting, and some Christian man with more zeal than common sense, says, "Glad to see you. The dying thief was saved, and I suppose there is mercy for you!" The young man, disgusted, chilled, throws himself back on his dignity, resolved he will never enter the house of God again. Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about reformation, he sides up by some highly respectable man he used to know going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street! Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand, offers him the tip end of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face.

Oh, how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good, honest handshaking! Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt that thrilling through every fiber of your body, mind and soul, and encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about it unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct, he runs against repulsions innumberable. We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there come to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people throw up their hands in horror, as much as to say, "Isn't it shocking?" How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get to heaven I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself! They cannot go without the great herd of publicans and sinners. Oh! ye who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured and the refined in Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination! It is not because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

I think men also are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God, and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or by immersion, and what kind of a church he is going to join. Oh, my friends! it is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechisms, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist love feasts, and baptisteries to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the Gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea and a lifeboat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man out of the boat: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh, you ought to have my broken heart, illumined face, and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way! Take hold of the same book with him, though his dissipations shake the book, remembering that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

How the Shackles May be Loosed.

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how the shackles may be unloosed, and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly, and tell him these habits you have, and ask him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go with a long, elegant prayer, made up of "oh" and "ahs" and "forever and forever amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! And if you can not cry for help just look and live. I remember in the war I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospital after the battle, and I said to a man, "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arms swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh, it is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, and sick from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around about him and says: "Young man, I will stand by you! The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then, as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, full of life is right hand that takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth."

Thank God for the Gospel.

Blessed be God for such a Gospel as this. "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God, there is a full loaf for every one that wants it; bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master street hospital was opened during the war, a telegram came saying, "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night, be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after those poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God he does not ask where you come from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds, pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, to quit all your bad associations. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed. Among the fourteen hundred million of the race not one instance. Go home to-day, open your desk, take out letter paper, stamp and envelope, and then write a letter something like this:

"My old companions: I start this day for heaven. Until I am persuaded you will join me in this, farewell."

You Must Renounce One or the Other.

Then sign your name and send the letter with the first post. Give up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three bad companions, but one. What chance is there for that young man among the three, four or five young men with him, halting in front of a grog shop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently resisting, until after a while they forced him to go in? It was a summer night and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. First of all, seek God; then seek Christian counsel. Gather up all the energies of body, mind and soul, and appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gambling practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now and you are lost. Push on and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood, and wrote on a rock near which he was dying, "Sparta has conquered." Though the struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood, and write on the Rock of Ages, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Oh, what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to send home to their parents. They go to the postoffice every day or two to see whether there are any letters for you. How anxious they are to hear.

Send the Good News Home.

Some one said to a Grecian general, "What was the proudest moment in your life?" He thought a moment, and said: "The proudest moment in my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered your evil habits by the grace of God and become eternal victor. Oh, despise not parental anxiety. The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you and find them gone from the house and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the poor young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name. God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born—better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been stiffined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands and crying, "Mother! Mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

To Start Sweet Potato Plants.

MRS. E. W. RAYMER, Colorado: In Northern climates sweet potato plants are produced from hot beds or forcing pits. Lay the potatoes thickly together on two inches of sand and leaf mold, well mixed. When the sprouts show on the potatoes, cover them over to the depth of an inch. Transplant when three or four inches high. The slips are pulled and the potatoes rot in the bed. They keep sprouting and, as they reach desired length, are removed. Two or three crops of sprouts may be obtained in a season. The time to put the potatoes in the forcing pits or hot-bed is in April. Any good corn ground will produce sweet potatoes. Plow deep, and use well rotted barnyard manure freely. Plant the sprouts in two rows four feet apart, and about a foot apart in the rows, or in hills four feet apart. Bury the slips nearly one-half their length. They may be plowed out the same as potatoes. Dig before frost.

Bloody Milk.

E. H. Dodson, Ohio: You will find remedy for bloody milk in cow in last week's Weekly BLADE.

Blind or Sleepy Staggers.

F. L., Colokan, Kansas: The animals you speak of were suffering from blind or sleepy staggers. This results from improper or irregular feeding, suppression of urine, overtaxing fat animals, etc. It may be that the animals ate musty hay or some poisonous plant. Does the loco weed grow in your vicinity? In mild cases a purge of oil or aloes with ginger and afterward feeding on wholesome food will bring the animal around all right. In cases of sleepy staggers, if the pulse is full and slow, Dr. Teller recommends drawing four to six quarts of blood from the jugular vein, but if the pulse is feeble and quick, no blood should be taken. In all cases, he says: "Give at once a smart purge of powdered aloes, 6 drachms; ginger, 1 drachm." The quantity to a horse. Keep the animal quiet in a dark place. Give plenty of water but no food. If the purge does not act properly repeat on the second or third day. Bathe the head in ice water. If this is not obtainable, use common salt, saltpeter and sal ammoniac, of each 4 ozs. Mix in a gallon of water. To reduce the fever give powdered digetalis, 1 drachm; saltpeter, 2 drachms. Mix and give as a ball several times a day.

Cholera in Fowls.

"Counter Jumper," Turnback, Mo.: Your fowls have cholera. Take of tincture peppermint, rhubarb, opium, red pepper and camphor, equal parts. Put four drops of this mixture in a teaspoonful of water and administer to each fowl every two hours until the diarrhea ceases. The above is also the best known formula for diarrhea in human beings, given in doses of 12 to 15 drops every two hours to an adult, in water. No family should be without it. Your fowls should be removed from the houses they now occupy. If this cannot be done, take of carbolic acid, 1 oz., and stir in a gallon of water, thoroughly sprinkling the floor.

Sneezes When Coming Into the Stable.

I. H. V., Bloomfield, New Jersey: We cannot say with certainty what causes your horse to sneeze when coming into the stable. It may be dust, or it may be several things, namely, [illegible] in the hay, which, as the horse breathes, is taken into the nostrils, irritating the membranes; smelling of urine that throws off ammonia; putting the horse in the stable while warm, and having a draught of air strike him. A horse should never be put in a stall where there is a draught of air upon him, but a very little sweet oil on a swab and gently oil the nostrils for a little way. This will allay the irritation from dryness or small particles of dust. Do not use much oil, and see to it that the swab is made of very soft material.

Snake-bit Horse—Canada Thistles.

H. C. L., Graysville, Mo.: It is said for several years after a horse has been bitten by a snake his leg will swell each succeeding year. We do not know of any certain way to prevent this, as it is a taint in the blood. We would advise giving the animal a purge of aloes, say 2½ drachms, in a pint of warm water. Follow this with half an ounce of saltpetre in his drinking water twice a day for a week. Wrap the leg with flannels dipped in vinegar, 1 qt.; spirits of camphor, 1 oz., and as a last resort, a poultice of salt, flour and lard, and keep the flannels damp with the lotion. If there is a breaking out on the leg, it may be necessary to wash the sores with chloride of zinc, 1 dr.; water, 1 pt. The Canada thistle has a branching, hairy-looking stem; prickly, decurrent stem leaves, smooth above and webbed beneath. It has a purple flower; roots viviporous, and spread rapidly.

Tongue-Lolling in Horse.

G. H. D., Hamilton, Mo.: Tongue-lolling in a horse is a habit. You can purchase a bit at any hardware store that keeps a good stock that will keep the horse from tongue-lolling.

Cow Gives Lumpy Milk.

M., Bangor, Mich.: THE BLADE of last week tells what to give a cow to remedy the giving of lumpy milk.

Few Small Lumps on Mare That Had Farcy.

A Reader, Jerusalem, O.: Give the mare sulphate of copper, 1 drachm; iodine, 1 drachm. This amount twice daily in a pint of water for a week. Omit for a week and repeat.

Pants After He Stops Working.

E. S. Briant, Indiana: For your mare that was overheated last year, and pants after she stops working, take of Fowler's solution of arsenic, 1 oz. belladona extract, 1 drachm; tincture of ginger, ½ drachm. Mix for a drench, and give this amount in a pint of water daily every morning for ten days. Give easily digested food. Let her rest at least an hour after feeding, and be careful not to exercise her violently. It may be necessary to repeat the above after a month's time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Crawfish—Wild Sweet Potatoes—Problem in Regard to Statistical Reports.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Forty years ago an old uncle, in going over our meadow, remarked that a man should not suffer for water there, as he could knock off the crawfish chimneys and lie down with a goose quill and get a drink.

Mr. Keck, Tamora, Ill., appears to be blessed with that kind of a farm. I would say, till your farm, and the crawfish will disappear.

R. S. Nevilu's answer to Mr. Carr, Marsellis, Ill., I can not solve, as the wild sweet potato forms its bulb from one to seven feet below the surface. What kind of a plow and team does he use to turn them out to the run?

The problem in regard to statistical reports of our farm products can be solved when we farmers cease our everlasting grumbling, give more of our time to thought, less to work, organize ourselves as other professions and trades have done, cultivate the land we pay taxes on, own no more, purchase nothing we can raise, produce, and not be compelled to sell to pay interest on mortgages and mercantile bills.

No better way to accomplish this than to join some farmers' organization and be punctual in your attendance, and one decade will improve our condition very materially.—V. M. CARR, Idlewild, Ind.

The Farmers' Alliance.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see in your paper of June 20 that Mr. C. L. G. has made some very pointed remarks in regard to the Farmers' Alliance, stating that it was first started in the south, in the interests of the free trade Democratic party, or words to that effect.

With your permission, I will give a little of the early history of the Alliance for the benefit of Mr. C. L. G. and others.

The question of farmers banding together had been agitated since 1877 by the *Western Rural*, but nothing definite was accomplished until April 15, 1880, when Milton George succeeded in organizing what was called a Farmers' Alliance in Cook county, Illinois. This was the starting point, and became the head from which all charters were issued.

The first charter issued by Cook County Alliance was to Manitos Alliance No. 1, of Nebraska. On the 14th day of October, 1880, about five hundred Alliance delegates met in Chicago to organize a national body. The following states were represented:

Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kentucky and Texas.

From that it has grown to immense proportions, and has reached to almost every state in the Union.

Now, if you can call that a Democratic scheme started in the South, I do not see where you get it.

The Alliance has not yet come before the public as a political party, but when it does, (if ever) its platform will be just what its members makes it, and I, for one, with many more of the members, are not in favor of a free trade ticket.

In many things I agree with Mr. Stine. I would much prefer "to cast my vote for a stump-tailed yellow dog" than such men as we have been sending to make our laws from either the Democratic or Republican parties.

In defense of my father's principles I wish to say that he was a straight Republican and never voted the Democratic ticket in his life.

We want just such men as Mr. Stine in our ranks, one that is not afraid to come out and say what he thinks, and I honestly believe if he was a member of our noble order, he would be a strong worker for the cause.

Cheer up brothers, and let us talk alliance as long as the kind editor of THE BLADE FARM will permit us.—F. W. CARLIN, Endell, Neb.

Grapevine Mildew.

A mixture of sulphate of copper and slaked lime is becoming a favorite in France for mildew in vines; and the question has been often asked whether there is any prejudicial result to the wine produced. Our consul at Bordeaux, in whose district the greatest distrust prevails, says that the result of various analyses proves that no prejudicial action follows the sprinkling of the leaves of the vine with the liquid referred to. Whether the flavor of the wine is affected, however, is at present an unsettled point, and it is not to be wondered at that the controversy waxes fierce on both sides. Sailing up the Garonne to that city a month or two since, I was struck with the vastness of the vineyards in view; as witness the extended ranges of wine storing and shipping places along shore, belonging to the leading export houses. So, when a disease broke out among the persons employed in some of the vineyards last autumn, it was at once surmised that "Bouillie Bordelaise" was the immediate cause; but this has since been proved to be without foundation.—*T. Bowick in Country Gentleman.*

Summer Planting Strawberries.

For amateur purposes, where some attention can be given to watering, a very good crop of strawberries can be obtained next year from plantations made this summer. To this end it is as well to set about it as soon as healthy young plants can be obtained. This will generally be pretty soon after the strawberry season is over. There is not much art or mystery about the whole business. Almost any ordinary garden soil will grow them, and a bed of one or two hundred plants gives ample for the family and a few left over for less fortunate neighbors. The best of all plants for the purpose, are young, vigorous runners, to be lifted with all the roots possible, and to be transferred to their new soil without any drying of the young roots. This, with a watering once or twice, if a dry spell sets in, is about all that will be required. If a small pot is set into the ground where the runner will just strike it so as to root fairly into the pot filled with good soil, when this has taken place, there is no more trouble in their transplanting than bedding with a young greenhouse plant set out for the flower garden.

The better way for amateur purposes as here spoken of, where a good crop is wanted next year, is to set them about nine inches apart. They then form a pretty continuous row, if they do well, clothe themselves well with foliage, which, with a mulch of straw on each side placed there before the fruit ripens, will keep the fruit free from sand and grit; and, our word for it, those who try will have no cause to regret, about next June or July.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Rye Straw.

In northern New Jersey many farmers are straw growers. They raise the rye that gives them the heaviest growth of straw. This straw will sell for more money than the grain from a western wheat field. It seems to be generally understood that a straw having a value must be grown early in order to make his business pay a profit. There is hardly a rule of agriculture, however, that will not present exceptions. A friend in Eastern Oregon, hundreds of miles from any town of importance, writes that he wants the grain that gives the meanest straw. Crop is cut when the grain is in the glaze, and cured and stacked for hay. This is fed to cattle and horses which have legs to carry themselves to market. This "grain hay" gives more feed than any of the grasses. Wonderful are the different methods employed in the agriculture of this country. No one can justly claim to "know it all."—*Rural New Yorker.*

Blood Spavin—Thoroughpin.

J. J., Eagle Lake: To treat your colt for blood spavin and thoroughpin, give, say 8 ozs. of raw linseed oil and ½ oz sweet spirits of nitre. After this is fomented the parts affected with warm water until the inflammation is all out. For the thoroughpin, take of bin-iodide of mercury 1 drachm, lard one ounce; apply a little of this well mixed in the morning for a week washing off with warm soapsuds water at night and re applying after sponging off; after a week's time, take of extract of belladonna, ½ oz.; vaseline, 2 ozs. Rub well together, and paint over the swelling. For the blood spavin use the mercury and lard, omitting the belladonna and vaseline, healing with unsalted lard.

Acts as if He Had Bees Around His Head.

H. L. G., Nebraska: The action of your horse, would indicate that his teeth are not sound, or that there may be a splinter or some other foreign substance between his teeth, that causes toothache. Sometimes a horse will act in this manner on account of some ear trouble or dust or other substance in the ear. Toothache is not an uncommon thing in horses. The following will show how a horse will suffer from defective teeth:

"That horse has the toothache," said Dr. A. M. Halpin, a Harlem veterinary surgeon, as we were riding downtown on a Broadway car yesterday. He pointed to a cab horse which was shaking his head, and giving other evidence of uneasiness.

"Toothache?" I said, "I didn't know that horses were afflicted in that way."

"Well, they are," replied the doctor, "and much more than is known by their owners and drivers very often. Many horses have been doctored for the glanders when all that ailed them was an abscess from a decayed tooth. A careful groom watches his horse's mouth because as he does his legs. Horses are troubled with much the same complaints as man, and toothache is one of them. This is especially so with city horses, who eat a great deal of prepared food and have no chance to keep their teeth worn down as nature provided for in getting their own living in the fields. In his wild state I don't suppose a horse ever suffers with his teeth, unless by accident he breaks one, but in the artificial life of a city horse his teeth grow too long and are misshapen, and also decay easily. When a horse's tooth is decayed and the nerve touched he suffers exactly the same as a man. The only difference is that he can't complain, and then some quack doctors him for catarrh or some other nasal trouble.

"Fred Gebhard had a fine young road horse two years ago that began to run down. He wouldn't stand still, in his stall or anywhere else. He pulled at the halter, got poor, and finally became very ugly. I looked with him one day, and told the groom that all the matter with the horse was a badly ulcerated tooth. He laughed at me until I showed him a badly decayed tooth. I pulled the tooth, and the horse was all right inside of three weeks."

This Will Pull Out the Wire.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I. H. M., Limeville, Kentucky, will find that the growth of trees will tighten wire attached to them, in three or four years, so as to pull it in two.—E. REYNOLDS, Metomen, Wisconsin.

Where Jerseys Come From.

Jersey Island, the place from which we obtain the favorite Jersey cow, is a small spot of land. If squared, it is six and three-quarter miles each way. Yet this little island has a population of 60,000 human beings, and has over 12,000 cattle, and has had that number for the last twenty years, for the census of 1851 gives 12,037. And yet they export on an average annually 2,000 head. Roughly speaking, on this island they manage to support one head of kine to every acre, while in England there is only one head to every ten acres; therefore, in proportion to its size, Jersey exports as many cattle every year as England contains. If England were to export cattle at the same rate, her whole stock would be swept away in a single year.—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

Received.

Garden and Forest maintains its high standard of excellence. The publication is one that is instructive and interesting. Garden and Forest Publishing Company, Tribune building, New York.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review, dated New York, July 20, says: For the dull season of the year business continues remarkably large. The increase in the clearing house transactions for July thus far has been about 30 per cent at New York, about 19 per cent at Boston and also about 16 per cent in the aggregate in all other cities So great and so general activity is not to be explained by any supposed increase in speculative operations which chiefly affect clearings at the cities named, nor by the settlements on commercial paper made in the winter and spring, for the increase in the first week in the month, which would naturally include the greater part of such settlements, was but little more than in the later weeks. New business of a non-speculative character evidently exceeds the same month in any previous year.

From all parts of the country also, come reports that an active and prosperous fall trade is anticipated and the crop prospects continue favorable. But the financial outlook is rendered uncertain by the continued exports of gold, the liquidation of foreign holders of securities and the doubts about trust operations.

Secretary Windom has talked with some freedom regarding the purchases of bonds but says that the prices now paid are as high as he thinks the government ought to pay. He has no power to help matters, he says, if it prove s that those who want money are not those who have bonds to sell, but considers that the monetary supply is at present ample.

All reports from interior cities indicate that the demand is everywhere met by an ample supply and at nearly all points is still but moderate.

Of the great industries the woolen manufacture seems in most uncertainty, for the price of the material has risen 10 per cent and about one-third on the average and the tone is very firm, while manufacturers do not care to sell wool short by disposing of goods at present prices.

Iron is hesitating again and the belief that the present rate of production cannot be maintained seems increasing. Sales of rails for the week have been but 15,000 tons. For the half year actual shipments of rails were 575,000 tons, against 585,558 last year and 907,351 the year before.

Copper is weaker with August lake offered at 11.75c and lead is flat at 3.85c.

Wheat has been advanced ¼ of a cent on report of injury to the winter crop, with sales of 17,000,000 bu. here. The accounts do not warrant the expectation that the crop will fail as low as 485,000,000 bushels, which, with the large surplus still in hand, will much exceed any demand at present probable.

Corn has advanced ½c and oats ½c without special reason.

Speculation has extended downward and average about $1.23 per share lower than a week ago.

The business failures number 208, as compared with a total of 209 last week and 202 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 228.

WEATHER AND CROPS.

The Government Report for the Past Seven Days.

The week ending July 20 has been slightly warmer than usual in the states west of the Mississippi river, and in Mississippi, Maryland, Delaware and portions of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Alabama. About the normal temperature has prevailed in the South Atlantic states, the Ohio and the upper Mississippi valleys, while the daily temperature in New England and the upper lake region, including the northern portion of Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, has averaged about three degrees below the mean for the week.

The thermal conditions for the season have changed but slightly since the last report. In the states of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys and the lake regions, the daily average temperature has differed less than one degree from the normal, while in New England, New York and extreme northwest the daily temperature for the season has averaged two degrees above the normal, and in northern Dakota this excess amounts to four degrees. Along the South Atlantic and gulf coasts the season has been slightly cooler than usual.

In Minnesota and Dakota the weather was favorable for growing crops and for harvesting, which is in progress as far north as Central Minnesota. Throughout the principal corn-producing states from Ohio westward to Nebraska the weather was generally favorable to that crop, which is reported in excellent condition, and in some districts the second crop of potatoes is now ripening. In the southwest, including the states of Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas, the excess of sunshine and light showers proved very favorable to all growing crops, and cotton is reported as much improved. Kentucky reports the tobacco crop improving under the favorable weather of the past week, that the harvesting of a good crop of oats is in progress and that corn was never in better condition.

In Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama excessive rains have caused some damage to the cotton crop which is greatly in need of culture. In middle Tennessee wheat was damaged and tobacco is growing well, but the weather was unfavorable for farm work. In the south Atlantic states and Virginia the weather was especially favorable for the growing crops and the prospects are excellent. Harvesting is well advanced in the middle Atlantic states but somewhat delayed by rains in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In New England the weather conditions were generally favorable for all except the potato crop, and the larger portion of the hay crop has been secured, but will be slightly damaged.

BAD CROPS.

The Canadian Northwest Fears a Famine.

Crops in the Canadian Northwest and along the Dakota line are in bad shape. Farmers are almost destitute and some instances are reported where they are suffering on field mice and gophers. In the Canadian Northwest proper, the crops are nil.

A party of emigrants from the Souris country was met Thursday at the boundary line. They had traveled 500 miles through a well settled country on the Canadian side, seeing a fair crop, and say a great many settlers are leaving their land to drive their cattle to timbered country on this side.

Some families looked famine stricken, and had eaten nothing but potatoes and turnips for some months.

They were afflicted with scurvy and were sacrificing themselves to save their cattle.

At one place northwest from Turtle Mountain, a family of English emigrants, who were traveling back to the mountains, had killed and were eating a young colt. The suffering in that isolated region will be awful, and those who have means will leave in such numbers as to depopulate that section.

Guessing at the Wheat.

A. I. Mohler, assistant general manager of the Manitoba railroad, has just completed a thorough personal examination of the wheat crop along the lines of the Manitoba system, and has prepared a concise summary of the results of his investigations. During the past week he has examined all the country on the Northern and Dakota divisions, conversed with many farmers and elevator experts, and as the result predicts that the country tributary to the Manitoba lines will furnish for shipment at least 32,000,000 bushels of wheat. This estimate, he says, is confirmed by Chicago experts who have recently been covering the same territory independent of himself.

So There Now.

The reported engagement of Miss Anita McCormick, daughter of Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, to Emmons Blaine, son of Hon. James G. Blaine, has been confirmed by the young lady herself.

FIRE AT SEA.

A Thrilling Story of the Perils of the Deep.

The whaling schooner Franklin arrived at New Bedford, Mass., on July 22, with the crew of the steamer Lorenzo D. Baker, from Point Antonio, J. A., for Boston, with fruit.

Captain Wiley reports: "We left Point Antonio on the 10th of July with a cargo of bananas for Boston, and had six cabin passengers, Mrs Elizabeth Sime, of Dundee, Scotland; Josiah Dillon, of Iowa; Lorenzo D. Baker, jr., of Wellfleet, Mass.; Jeremiah O'Callaghan and Jeremiah O. O'Callaghan, of Boston (uncle and nephew); Ernest B. Thyng, of Lynn; Lawrence Jensen and Peter Saxfield, sailors, who were working their passage and 19 officers and crew.

"We had smooth water up the evening of July 15th (the day of the disaster), when we were in latitude 38.50 n., longitude 69.49. At this time a fresh gale from the southwest set in, causing the ship to roll some, but not severely. At midnight there was an alarm of fire. I went on deck, and saw the engine room in a blaze. I ordered the hose on, but the engineer said he could not get at the pumps.

"Then I ordered the fire buckets and alarmed the passengers and ordered the boats to be swung out. By this time the flames had burst through the top of the engine room and the starboard boat was in flames. We swung out the port boat and lowered her to the rail. I ordered this one to be manned.

"Two or three passengers got into the boat. The fire was now within three feet of us, and the heat to those who stood by the boat was intense. Placing the boat's painter in the hands of a sailor, and telling him to hold fast, I ordered the first mate to take the bow, and springing into the stern, told the men to lower away, intending as soon as the boat was afloat, and detached from the tackles, to return on board and get out the raft and small boat, as they were comparatively safe and away from the fire.

"But in lowering the boat as it struck the water, it immediately capsized and threw us into the water. On coming to the surface, I found the man holding the painter had let go of it when he saw the disaster, so that the boat was near us. Helping the passengers to a safe hold on the keel, in a few minutes the mate and I righted the boat.

"We bailed the boat, took the passengers in and looked around for the ship, which had by this time drifted about half a mile away. It had been twenty minutes from the time of lowering the boat until we were in it again. We put away for the steamer, and when about half way to it we fell in with the raft, which had eight persons on it. It floated with only one end above water, and was injured in launching. We took all from the raft into the boat.

"The wind had now increased, and the sea was high. Some time was consumed with the raft, and we were a mile from the wreck when we again started for her.

"After rowing some time, we picked up a sailor floating on a hatchway steps. From him we learned that he had gone in the small boat, and that four sailors and two firemen were left on board the steamer, they having got out off from the boats by the fire. One, a fireman, had been drowned in trying to reach the small boat. We now found to our sorrow that the distance between us and the ship was increasing, but still, as the wind and sea would permit, we struggled to get

vides that the property of non-residents shall not be taxed at a higher rate than that of residents, gives the legislature the power to fix the passenger and freight rates on railroads and transportation companies, the rates to be reasonable and the courts to decide what are reasonable rates; it prohibits the loaning of the credit of the state to an association or corporation; it divests the judicial power in a court of impeachment, consisting of the Senate, a Supreme court, District court, County courts and justices of the peace—thus providing for the establishment of County courts; limits the number of Judges of the Supreme court to three, which may be increased after five years. It provides against female suffrage.

The House of Representatives shall consist of not less than 75 nor more than 120 members, and the Senate not less than one-third nor more than one-half of the size of the House. Each organized county shall be entitled to at least one member of the House. The Senators are divided into two classes—one to be elected for two years and the other for four. It provides for biennial sessions of the Legislature not exceeding 90 days, to convene on the first Tuesday in January after the election.

Two-thirds of the members-elect may override the veto power; the governor shall either approve or return a bill within five days from the time of delivery to him, and shall have ten days after adjournment within which to approve or reject. In case of objection he shall file the same with the secretary of state within the time specified. It is against minority representation, providing for election by a plurality vote.

It gives the legislature full power to regulate liquor licenses. Any coal lands which the state may acquire in the congressional grant shall never be sold, but may be leased. The school fund shall be invested in United States bonds, bonds of the state, or the bonds or other securities of the state, at not more than one half the value of the land. The school fund shall be considered a trust fund, the interest to be used for the school, and in case of loss of any part of the principal the state must make it good. It prohibits the passage of special laws.

The property of the wife before marriage and what she may acquire during marriage shall be exempt from execution on claims against the husband. It directs the legislature to pass liberal homestead laws; prohibits foreign corporations from transacting business in the state until they appoint an agent in the state who shall be subject to process by law; provides that no foreigner shall vote until two years after he declares his intention to become a citizen, and that the reading of the Declaration of Independence with facility shall be considered a test of the qualification of a voter. No act of the legislature shall take effect within sixty days after adjournment unless specially provided in the preamble or body of the act.

This constitution will furnish an abundance of material for discussion, and those who have read it predict that it will be adopted with very few changes.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

The Convention Proceeding Slowly With Its Work.

A report is being circulated by members of the convention, that in case of a disagreement or dead lock in the joint committee over the division of the property of the territory, or in establishing the boundary line, President Harrison will by proclamation admit the Dakotas without a full settlement and refer the matter to congress for arbitration.

Computations by several members developed the fact that by the close of this week the $20,000 appropriation will be exhausted, in which case the delegates will be obliged to go down into their pockets for their expenses during the remainder of the session, and trust to legislature or congress for reimbursement.

The action of the schedule committee in refusing to submit to the convention a modified form of the Australian ballot system will not be final. A strong minority report will be presented, providing some form of the Australian system, and it is claimed there is a sufficient number of delegates favorable to the measure to adopt the report of the minority.

Proposed articles were introduced by Mr. Sondager, of Ransom, as follows: Deducting from salaries of public officers who may be guilty of neglect of duty; disfranchising and punishing by receiving bribes for votes; prohibiting the forming of trusts; preventing the passage of any law exempting under the gross earnings tax system any property of a railroad other than that actually used in the operations of the business; limiting homestead exemptions to $500, providing that nothing shall be exempt from distraint and sale for taxes except wearing apparel and household goods.

MONTANA.

The Convention Gets Down to Hard Work.

In the Montana convention, July 17, a memorial was presented from Madison county, endorsing equal suffrage. Mr. Calloway, chairman of the committee on public lands, offered a resolution defining the boundaries of Montana.

Mr. Maginnis, chairman of the committee on suffrage, offered a resolution in regard to the qualification of office-holders in the state. It specifies that they must have resided two years in Montana; also that no person shall be eligible to the office of governor, lieutenant-governor or superintendent of public instruction unless he shall have attained the age of 30 years at the time of election; nor to the office of secretary of state, auditor or state treasurer unless he shall have attained the age of 25 years; nor to the office of attorney-general unless he shall have attained the age of 30 years, and been admitted to practice in the Supreme court of the state or territory; or Montana, and be in good standing at the bar thereof at the time of election. The judge of the Supreme court is stipulated at 30 years; of District court at 25 years. Members of the houses of the legislature must be at least 21 years old.

A resolution prohibiting the sale of school lands was reported favorably by the committee.

Mr. Luce of Gallatin county introduced a resolution limiting the number of retail saloons and also prohibiting all sorts of gambling.

A proposition was made by Hammond of Jefferson that no games of cards, dice, billiards, pool or any form of gambling whatever shall be permitted in any building or room where intoxicating liquors are sold or exposed for sale.

Mr. Lend of Custer county recommends the prohibition of railway pools.

Hon. H. B. Blackwell asked the privilege to address the convention on equal suffrage and, after discussion, the request was granted. Adjourned.

The Montana convention got down to business and the work commenced in earnest on July 18. Rickards, chairman of the committee on education, reported on article nine of the constitution of 1884 providing for the maintenance of a general system of public schools free for for all children from 6 to 20 years. These schools must be maintained in each organized district at least three months in each year.

In committee of the whole discussion arose over the wording of the preamble to the constitution. It now reads: "We, the people of Montana, grateful to the Almighty God for the blessings of liberty, in order to secure the advantages of state government, do, in accordance with the provisions of the enabling act of Congress, approved the 22d day of February, A. D. 1889, ordain and establish this constitution."

Long discussion arose over Clark's motion abolishing the grand jury. The matter was referred back to the committee on judiciary without restrictions. The committee on the whole arose, reported progress and adjourned.

Mr. Parberry, chairman of the committee on irrigation, on July 20 reported favorably a communication relating to the granting of arid lands in Montana for the purpose of maintaining storage reservoirs, and recommended that Congress be memorialized. The remainder of the session was occupied with the introduction of resolutions.

IDAHO.

She is Getting Ready to Ask Admission as a State.

The Idaho convention is making fair progress on the constitution. In the discussion of the bill of rights the Democrats came out strongly in favor of sections affecting Mormonism and introduced an amendment declaring bigamy and polygamy prohibited; that the legislature shall pass laws for punishment of these crimes. The Mormon question appears sure of a harmonious settlement now.

The Idaho committees are fast reporting the drafts for the sections of the constitution. The educational committee favors free schools, forbids religious tests for teachers or pupils or services in schools. Preference is given agriculture for unappropriated water which is declared public. The election suffrage committee make two reports both favoring strong sections embodying the Idaho test oath. The majority report provides that the legislature may provide qualifications, and limitations for rights of suffrage, but shall never annul any provision contained in the constitution. The minority report is full and strong and leaves the legislature without power to add any qualifications.

A section was adopted by the Idaho convention on July 20, appropriating lands for public use for such purposes as irrigation, ditches, reservoirs, dumps, drains of mines, after the compensation is determined by law.

A labor bureau with a commission on labor and statistics was recommended, also the prohibition of convict labor outside of the prison walls; also the prohibition of children in underground work.

The proposition for a secret ballot was defeated. It was decided that no civil or military power shall interfere with the free exercise of suffrage. The question of making educational qualification for voting was defeated.

Mr. Reilly wanted to prevent the payment of funds to religious institutions or for chaplains of the legislature, classing religious services as coming down from barbarous times. He was roughly criticised by several speakers whose words were endorsed by the convention. He then wanted to strike out of the preamble the words, "grateful to Almighty God." The motion was lost.

The convention, on July 22, agreed to limit the state indebtedness to one and one-half per centum of assessed value of property. Towns and cities are not permitted to incur indebtedness above their revenue. Some days ago the committee on elections and suffrage reported a majority and minority report; the former by the Republicans and the latter by the Democrats.

The majority would prevent the vote of the Mormons, while it would also allow the legislature to make other limits and terms for preventing the vote of persons holding higher allegiance to organizations they deem above that of the state and the United States government. The minority report is so framed as to cut off legislation and in the eyes of anti-Mormons leaves a loop-hole through which the Mormons may crawl and secure the control of the political power.

A proposition to take these reports up in committee of the whole caused some filibustering, which blocked all business for some time. The matter was finally settled by an agreement to consider these reports Thursday. Hundreds of Mormons withdrew last fall to evade the test oath and vote, and this makes the anti-Mormons anxious to give the legislature the power to make new limits and restrictions, that the Mormon church, now colonizing a portion of Idaho, may not participate in politics. This question has caused the chief trouble during the convention.

WASHINGTON.

The Judiciary Question is Discussed at Length.

The Washington convention got down to business on July 18 and was in continual session from 9 a. m. unti 5 p. m. The principal subject of debate was on the article on judiciary, which was considered in the committee of the whole. The first two sections were adopted, one being for five instead of three judges on the Supreme bench. In the afternoon an amendment was further added that the legislature may increase the number. The first half hour on the 19th, before going in committee of the whole was devoted to receiving numerous petitions from both Prohibitionists and woman suffragists. An amendment favoring minority representation on the Supreme bench was defeated by a strictly party vote of 28 to 45.

Section 4, of the constitution as adopted, gives the Supreme Court jurisdiction in all matters involving over $200, the legality of a tax assessment or municipal ordinance or statute of the state. The district courts have all divorce, probate and naturalization, as well as usual business of the District or Circuit courts. The judges are elected by districts. On agreement by litigants a judge pro tempore who must be a member of the bar may be appointed. Judges who, without special permission of the governor, leave the state for more than sixty days forfeit their seats. Salaries are fixed at $4,000 for the Supreme bench, payable by the state and $3,000 for Superior judges, payable half by the district and half by the state.

It is practically settled by the committee on corporations other than municipal that the convention will adopt a strong constitution forbidding the granting of subsidies of any kind from counties or towns to railroads or other corporations.

The report of committee on county and municipal governments was made on July 22. It provides that no new county shall be created with less than 20,000 inhabitant, nor shall existing counties be divided so as to leave less than 4,000 in the old county. The debt is to be divided pro rata except for the buildings that remain wholly in one of the new counties created by any divisions, but the rights of the present creditors shall not be impaired.

It provides for the establishment of township governments, and declares that townships shall be created by the general laws, except in case of cities of more than 25,000, which can elect fifteen free holders to frame their charter for them. It shall be submitted to a vote of the people, and it ratified become a law; it creates a new office of county clerk, and provides that except public administrator, surveyors and coroners, all offices shall be salaried.

Officials are only eligible for two successive terms, and their salaries cannot be increased, or term of office extended while they are in office. The legislature shall have no power to impose taxes upon counties, towns, or municipalities for local purposes; such power is vested absolutely in local authorities.

It is understood that the committee on municipal indebtedness has agreed to report a clause forbidding debt over 5 per cent assessed value, except in case of two-thirds of the voters asking for it, when it can be increased to 10 per cent. It is thought this will have the effect to greatly increase the assessment of properties in localities needing money for public purposes.

Not Unlike the Others.

The Oklahoma Territorial convention is having a hard time getting down to work. The farmer delegates made a motion that a majority of the committee on General Business be given to them. Discussion of this motion occupied most of the day. The motion was finally tabled. In the afternoon, before the chairman could announce the committees, two resolutions were presented, one providing that an article of the Territorial constitution should prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within the territory's boundaries, and the other providing for woman suffrage. Both resolutions were tabled.

KILLED HIS BABE.

With the Belief that the Almighty Would Resurrect It in Three D ys.

The authorities of Warsaw, Mo., on July 18, took into their custody Mrs. Martha Danks, charged with murder, and her husband, Daniel, as an accessory. Danks recently became a crank on the theme of religion, and, it is said, compelled his wife to strangle their 15 months old child as a sacrifice, claiming the Almighty had promised to resurrect the child on the third day. When Danks was arrested he had been carrying the dead infant in his arms for two days.

Edison's Testimony.

In the hearing before the referee of the Kemmler electrical execution case at New York on July 23, Thos. A. Edison was put on the stand as a witness, and if his testimony was to decide the fate of Kemmler, the murderer would surely meet his death in the electrical chair. The witness had no doubt whatever of the power of an alternating current to kill a man instantaneously and painlessly and was sure it could be done without burning.

On cross-examination witness said the resistance of all men was very close, between 600 and 1,800 ohms The obtaining of the resistance of the human body by the Wheatstone bridge was not simply a matter of late experiment. Witness measured human resistance by it before the question of electrical execution was brought up. He considered the bridge an accurate means of measurement. A man could be completely carbonized by an electric current, but it would take 1,000 horse-power to do it. If you took the Westinghouse current of 1,050 volts and kept it applied to a human body five or six minutes, it would not be carbonized but mammified. This was because the water in the system would be gradually absorbed.

Shorter Hours.

Between 600 and 800 carpenters of Kansas City have struck for a nine-hour working day, instead of a ten and eleven-hour day. No advance of wages was demanded. The strike was not ordered by any labor organization, but was the result of a conference held last Saturday between the union and non-union carpenters. At that meeting they were all of one mind—that their working day was too long, and that they would refuse to go to work on Monday unless the bosses should reduce the number of hours to nine.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on July 19:

WILLIAM RULE, of Tennessee, to be pension agent at Knoxville.

WM. A. RICHARDS, of Wyoming, to be surveyor general of Wyoming.

ROBERT S. H. SULLIVAN, of Dakota, to be surveyor general of Dakota.

To be registers of land offices:

CHARLES H. CORNELL, of Nebraska, at Valentine, Neb.; EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, of Wyoming, at Cheyenne, Wyo.; MARTIN J. WRIGHT, of California, at Visalia, Cal.; JOHN A. McBETH, of Colorado, at Denver, Col.

To be receivers of public moneys:

ROBERT L. FREEMAN, of California, at Visalia, Cal.; LEROY GRANT, of Wyoming, at Cheyenne, Wyo.

To be Indian agents:

T. J. BEAFORD, of Oregon, at the Siletz agency in Oregon. JOHN P. McGLYNN, of Washington Territory, vice D. J. WOOD, at the Ponca, Pawnee, Otoe and Oakland agency in the Indian Territory. MAJOR HIRAM T. BATCHELDER, at Chico Cal., vice Johnson McCammon, resigned. BENJAMIN FISH, at Santa Clara, Cal., vice I. N. Thompson, removed. JOHN LANGSTAFF, at Huron, Dak., vice George J. Love, removed.

To be postmasters:

Mrs. LAURA G. BATES, at Anaheim, Cala., vice J. L. Gardiner, removed; G. W. CLARK, at Alliance, Neb., vice N. Sbroud, resigned, became presidential; HENRY C. WRIGHT, at Wayne, Neb., vice Marcellus Dearborn, removed; LLOYD W. BUCKMASTER, at Washington C. H., O., vice James W. Deer, removed; JOHN S. WILHELM, at Dallas, Tex., vice J. S. Cochrane, removed; BELLE M. BURCHILL, at Fort Worth, Tex., vice Julian Field, removed. HENRY D. BARB, at Brazil, Ind., vice J. D. Scarvine, removed, WILLIAM F. RUNNELL, at Kentland, Ind., office became presidential. JACOB F. WEAVER, at Colfax, Ia., vice S. S. Wilson, removed. J. N. M'DONALD, at Burlingame, Kan., vice Justinian Mayberry, resigned, JOSEPH CRAFT, at Chetopa, Kan., vice J. P. D. Jarnette, resigned. W. D. CHRISTIAN, at Fredonia, Kan., vice S. J. Hess, resigned. LENNEUS B. FARR, at Osage Mission, Kan., vice John R. Brunt removed; Mrs. MAGGIE TARTER, at Somerset, Ky., vice G. W. Richardson, removed; SAMUEL F. MURPHY, at Allegan, Mich., vice C. H. Adams, removed; GEORGE BUCKLEIN, at Inpounding, Mich. vice P. H. Devine, removed; JAMES ROSS, at Hancock, Mich., vice J. B. Looney, removed; CLINTON G. GRIFFEY, at Negaunee, Mich., vice Julia A. Kruse, commission expired; WM. B. DAWLEY, at Crookstown, Minn., vice Allen McKinnon, resigned.

Examining surgeons have been appointed as follows:

At Defiance, Ohio—Dr. John M. Combs and Dr. Robert B. Cameron.

At Deshler, Ohio—Dr. W. W. Hill, Dr. T. M. Gehret and Dr. E. B. Mauk.

At Carrollton, Ohio—Dr. W. O. Skeeles and Dr. Louis Shearer.

At London, Ohio—Dr. John N. Beach, Dr. Toland Jones and Dr. H. J. Sharp.

At Van Wert, Ohio—Dr. E. L. Wilkinson and Dr. R. S. Crooke Office.

At Montpelier, Ohio—Dr. John U. Riggs and Dr. John V. Lesnel.

The President made the following appointments on July 20:

M. M. HURLEY, of Indiana, to be third auditor of the Treasury.

J. H. FRANKLIN, of Kansas, to be deputy second auditor of the Treasury.

JOHN FERHENBATCH, of Ohio, to be supervising inspector of steam vessels for the seventh district (Cincinnati.)

CHARLES M. LEAVY, of California, to be appraiser of merchandise in the district of San Francisco.

JAMES J. DICKERSON, of Texas, to be marshal of the United States for the eastern district of Texas.

MILTON C. ELSTNER, of Louisiana, to be attorney of the United States for the western district of Louisiana.

To be collectors of customs:

FRANKLIN B. GOSS, of Massachusetts, for the district of Barnstable, Mass.

WM. GASTON HENDERSON, of Mississippi, for the district of Pearl River, Miss.

H. WRIGHT CUNEY, of Texas, for the district of Galveston, Texas.

HENRY D. B. CLAY, of Virginia, for the district of Newport News, Va.

To be collectors of internal revenue:

JAMES D. BRADY, of Virginia, for the second district of Virginia.

P. H. McCAULL, of Virginia, for the sixth district of Virginia.

JOSEPH W. BURK, of Texas, for the third district of Texas.

To be consuls of the United States.

EVANS BLAKE, Illinois, at Crefeld; HENRY C. TISDEL, of Vermont, at St. Johns, Quebec; JASPER P. BRADLEY, of West Virginia, at Southampton; EUGENE O. FECHET, of Michigan, at Piedras Negras; ARCHIBALD J. SAMPSON, of Colorado, at Paso del Norte; HORACE E. PUGH, of Indiana, at Newcastle, England.

MORE TERRITORY.

Uncle Sam Reaching Out to Gather in an Island.

In diplomatic circles the impression is growing that the United States and France are making preparations for a controversy over a small island under the jurisdiction of the Haytian government. Every since the proposition was made to construct a canal at Panama the United States has been centering plans to get possession of the island in question, which is situated in the immediate vicinity of St. Nicholas Mole, and is down on the naval charts as Great Iagua. A naval station on the latter island has been the ambition of this government for many years.

It would not only give the United States a position of advantage at the northern entrance to the windward pass flowing between Cuba and Hayti, but it would enable our government to scrutinize all the commerce going through the pass to Panama beyond. This most desirable location for a naval station has not been overlooked by France, who also has an interest in the Panama canal and the French government has been figuring on embedding our government for the purchase or possesion of it.

A MYSTERY.

Officials Very Reticent About the Gunboat Petrel.

Officials of the navy department generally decline to express an opinion respecting the trial of the gunboat Petrel on July 18, preferring to wait until the official report of the test is before them. Judge Advocate General Remey, however, says he believes it will be found that the vessel came up to expectations.

The contract called for no definite rate of speed, the only requirement being that 1,100 horse power be developed by the engines, and that was done. It is said that the allowance for extra horse power developed will be more than offset by the penalty for delay in construction, now amounting to more than $30,000.

WILL BE FUN.

The Democrats Preparing for a Desperate Battle.

Representative Catchings, of the Vicksburg, Miss., district notifies the country that so far as he can learn, his party will give the Republicans all the trouble they can when it come to organizing the House. He is confident the President will call an extra session about the middle of October. He says it is the intention of the Democrats to obstruct any "high-handed usurpation of authority" in regard to seating contestants for the seats of Democrats in the next Congress, by which he means that the party is determined that none of the men who have been counted in by the Southern method of elections are to be put out under any consideration if they can be kept in by the tactics known to latter day statesmen.

The Republicans of the Third Louisiana district are hopeful of electing their candidate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Representative Gay. The district is largely Republican, containing as it does a preponderance of colored voters, to say nothing of the white Republicans, and there is no doubt that, but for the practice of fraud, the Republicans would still have their own man in Congress, as was the case for many years until the meeting of the Forty-ninth Congress. Mr. Gay had a walk over last fall, as the Republicans made no fight to speak of.

Postal Receipts.

Following is a statement of total gross postal receipts in the chief western cities for the quarter ending June 30, 1889:

Chicago, $696,623; St. Louis, $255,139; Cincinnati, $190,740; San Francisco, $169,672; Pittsburg, $121,638; Cleveland, $104,313; Detroit, $90,743; Kansas City, $98,805; New Orleans, $86,123; Milwaukee, $78,048; Minneapolis, 73,065; St. Paul, $73,298; Louisville, $72,060; Indianapolis, $49,743; Toledo, $37,547.

The total of thirty leading cities, in which the above are included, is $5,202,706, and the average rate per cent of increase over the same quarter in 1888 is eight.

New Paper Money.

The secretary of state is in receipt of a dispatch from Mr. Child, United States minister to Siam, of March 25, last, enclosing a specimen of paper money issued by the Hong Kong and Shanghai banking corporation at Bangkok. It is the first paper money issued in Siam, and has the sanction of the king, who directs that it be taken for custom and other dues. These notes are of three denominations—one, five and ten ticals. A tical is equal to about 60 cents of United States money, and it is expected that this issue of paper money will be of great benefit to the mercantile community and the public generally.

Mahonism.

Senator Quay, Gen. Clarkson, Secretary Fessenden and Col. W. W. Dudley, of the Republican National committee, were in conference with Gen. Mahone and the Virginia Republicans at Washington, on July 18, endeavoring to secure an harmonious solution of the factional troubles in Virginia.

It is understood that the chief thing in controversy is as to who shall sign the credentials of the delegates to the state convention. One of the Mahone adherents said at a very late hour that he thought this would be settled by having the credentials signed by the chairmen of the various county conventions.

At midnight Gen. Brady said he thought that the result of the committee's deliberations would be to secure harmonious action in the next campaign.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ANOTHER RIPPER.

The Victim from the Same Degraded Class.

Another bloody deed has been committed within the precincts of Whitechapel. A woman whose body was found in Castle Abbey, in the Whitechapel district, on July 16, was of middle age and of bad repute. Her throat had been cut to the spine. When the body was found it was lying on its back. The clothing had been thrown up, exposing the abdomen, which had been gashed in a horrible manner in several places, though the intestines were not exposed. No part of the body was missing.

Warm blood was flowing from the wounds when the body was discovered. A policeman, who, with the watchman of an adjacent warehouse, reached the spot within a few yards of the spot where the murder took place, when it was committed heard no noise. Policemen have been placed at fixed points in Whitechapel since the murders of this character began there, and since the murder preceding that of last night, officers have been stationed at a point within a hundred yards of the scene of the latest tragedy.

An old cigar impressed with blood was found alongside the body. It is supposed by the police that this may furnish a clue to the murderer, although it may have belonged to the victim. Several arrests of suspected persons have been made, but they were discharged from custody, there being no proof on which to hold them.

A letter was received by the police officials before last night's murder in White Chapel, signed "Jack, the Ripper," in which the writer said that he was "About to resume his work."

PARNELL COMMISSION.

Evidence Being Taken Concerning Egan and Others.

Upon the opening of the session of the Parnell commission on July 18, Mr. Matthew Harris, who has been under cross examination for the past two days, again took the stand for the purpose of stating that Messrs. Egan and Brennan severed their connection with the Fenians on joining the land league.

Dr. Charles Tanner, member of the House of Commons for the middle division of Cork, was then called. He testified that he had never advocated the boycotting of women and children. He had tried to get land-grabbers boycotted. He admitted that the bad character of a certain landgrabber as a corrupt reptile and a creeping louse. The land-grabber was afterward shot at. Witness always spoke against outrage. He had been boycotted by Cork Tories, and his business had diminished, his patients forsaking him under pressure.

Canada Ready to Settle the Dispute Over the Mattie Winship.

The Canadian government has had under consideration a petition of the the solicitors of the owner of the United States fishing vessel Mattie Winship, recently seized for illegal fishing, praying for a settlement of the case, and the governor-general has approved of the recommendation of the minister of fisheries that upon the payment of $2,000 to the crown, and a further sum sufficient to cover all legal and other expenses incurred in connection with the seizure and custody of the Mattie Winship up to the date of her being handed over to the owner or his agent, that the vessel be released, and all proceedings in the court of the Vice Admiralty be discontinued.

Into Deep Water.

The *Republique Francaise* of July 23 says that the committee of the senate court is about to issue an order depriving Gen. Boulanger, Count Dillon and Henri Rochfort of all civil and political rights. This action of the committee is taken on the ground that they have refused to comply with the summons issued by the senate court to appear for trial on the charges made against them. This decision will render them ineligible to election to any office in France and will also make any property they may own in France liable to seizure.

Troops for Crete.

The porte will send several battalions of troops to the Island of Crete in consequence of the threatened risfug of the people there.

Italy Pulls Out.

The Italian government has withdrawn its vessels from participation in the blockade of East African ports near Zanzibar.

WEST VIRGINIA FLOODS.

The Little Kanawha in a State of Distress.

The greatest calamity which ever befell the Little Kanawha valley came on the night of July 18, in the shape of a terrible cloud burst which completely flooded the country, destroying many lives, carrying off thousands of dollars worth of property and ruining crops for miles. The deluge commenced about dusk and continued to fall in torrents. The worst of the storm struck the lower side of the Kanawha, filling the small tributaries from bank to bank, and ending in the heaviest flood within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants.

The most touching story of all comes from Merristown, a small village near the head of Tucker Creek, where a cloud-burst concentrated in all its fury, coming down in the village about midnight and totally destroying it, together with its many people. The first report gave the loss at eleven, but later news seems to fix it at a greater number. Houses are said to have been picked up and hurled against each other in such a short space of time that no chance to escape was given the people.

An American Lady Sentenced to Death in Corea for Preaching the Doctrines of Christianity.

Information has just been received at Nashville, that Mrs. Hattie Gibson Heron, wife of Rev. David Heron, late of Jonesboro, Tennessee, is under sentence of death in Corea for teaching the doctrines of Christianity. Rev. David Heron is well known as a Presbyterian minister. He went to Corea about three years ago, the wife joining her husband a few weeks later.

Mrs. Heron preached the gospel as well as her husband, and was the means of converting a nobleman in Corea, who began preaching Christianity. The Emperor had Mrs. Heron arrested and thrown into prison. Her case was investigated, and finally the sentence of death was passed. Mrs. Heron was known as the most beautiful lady in Upper East Tennessee.

Part of Tennessee Shaken by Internal Forces.

At 6:30 o'clock on July 19 a slight shock of earthquake was felt in Memphis. Crockery and glassware rattled, and in some instances were thrown from shelves, but no other evidence was given besides the rocking motion.

Two severe shocks were felt at Covington, Tenn., 35 miles north of Memphis, each shock lasting several seconds. For a while the wildest confusion prevailed. Houses were abandoned and the streets filled with frightened people.

A third but lighter shock was felt there at 8:15.

Those Twelve Chinese.

Mr. Tweed, representing the Southern Pacific railroad, made an argument before Secretary Windom on July 17, in favor of the transit through United States territory of twelve Chinamen, who recently arrived in New Orleans en route to China by way of San Francisco. The collector at that port regards them as laborers within the meaning of the Chinese exclusion act and refused to allow them to land. Decision was reserved.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

THE GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY

For the cure of all disorders of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, LOSS of APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION of the BOWELS, PILES and all derangements of the Internal Viscera, Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or Deleterious Drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the system rendered less liable to contract diseases. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 25c. a box. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York.

GENERAL NEWS.

WILL NOT GO IN.

The Brotherhood Holds Out from the Consolidation.

A circular has been issued that bears the signatures of the chief officers of the principal labor organizations of the United States—T. V. Powderly, general master workman, and John W. Hayes, general secretary of the Knights of Labor; Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation of Labor; W. N. Sargent, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and others.

The locomotive engineers, through P. M. Arthur, true to their principle of exclusiveness and antagonism to other labor organizations, have kept out of this concerted action of the others and thereby heightened the bitter feeling existing against them among other labor men.

The circular is the outcome of the conference held some time ago in Philadelphia, the object being the formation of an alliance between the organizations represented by the signatures. It has been issued privately to the organizations, and it is not supposed to be known to the public. If the alliance is realized, it will be by far the most formidable labor organization that ever existed in the United States or elsewhere.

The circular calls upon all organizations of labor to strengthen and solidify their ranks to the ultimate end of bringing within their membership every man and woman in America who toils. A convention of delegates of the various organizations is to be called to approve of the plan, and to devise some definite scheme of coalition.

"The charter of the first assembly of France," said Mr. Powderly to a reporter, "was prepared on July 17, and started on its way to the old country. It was given to Mrs. Barry, the general director and instructor in woman's work, and she started for Philadelphia, from whence she starts for Paris The first assembly has been organized for some time, but we have held back the charter, preferring to send it by a special messenger."

BRAIDWOOD'S ILLS.

The Truck Store System and Other Disadvantages.

The investigation of the coal mining difficulties at Lasalle, Ill., on July 16, developed a bad state of affairs at Braidwood on the part of the miners, who endure all the evils of the truck store system, are hampered in their work at some of the mines by reason of not being adequately supplied with timber for propping up the roof, contrary to the state mining law, and are in jeopardy of their lives.

The coal cars, according to the testimony, were not properly constructed, so that much coal fell off while being hauled to the mouth of the mine, all of which is confiscated by the company, and which some days aggregated upwards of 250 tons. The mines are very wet, and the miners had their clothes constantly soaked. Often the air is insufficient and bad.

Complaints from Braceville and Streator were not so great. Miners' wages averaged only $27 to $36 a month, with deductions for powder, repairing tools, etc., of several dollars each month. L. C. Dimb, a Streator coal operator, was impeached on sharp that he said he saw little hope for the Northern Illinois operators. He had submitted his case to a board of arbitration. If he could not operate his mine at the rate of wages awarded he would close it. If the miners could not work for the wages that might be named they were to be under no obligation to do so.

WINDOW GLASS MAKERS.

A Bright Season Ahead—Officers for the Coming Year.

The semi-annual convention of National American window glass manufacturers was held at New York, July 18 President F. L. Bodine, of Philadelphia, presided, and there were present representatives of the following cities: Philadelphia, Bridgton, N. J.; Blossburgh, Pa.; Pittsburg; Ravenna, O.; Zanesville, O.; Barnesville, O.; Massilon, O.; Quaker City, O.; Toledo, O.; New Albany, Ind.; Rock Island, Newcastle, Pa.; Meadville, Pa.

The business of the meeting consisted of a report of the glass situation by President Bodine and the election of officers, as follows:

F. L. Bodine, president; Thomas Wightman, of Pittsburg, vice president; William Loeffler, of Pittsburg, treasurer, and E. O. Fraze, of Tuscarawas county, secretary. The president's report stated that the general production of the season was the largest ever known. The imports were also large being about 30 per cent of the entire consumption. Almost all of the increased production and consumption was west of Pittsburg. The prospect of the trade during the coming year was bright. Since the first of January, 1,250,000 boxes of French glass have been imported, and since the starting of the fires in September last, 3,200,000 boxes of American glass have been put out. The next meeting will be held in Washington, January 15, 1890.

Ousting Claimants.

The decision of the land office ousting the "Sooners," as those who entered Oklahoma before noon of April 22 are called, is causing excitement throughout Oklahoma as fast as the news spreads.

Two hundred men were in line on July 22, waiting for the land office to open, a large majority waiting to file on claims already entered by men supposed to have been in the territory before noon of April 22, and which the decision declares are not entitled to hold claims.

The effect of the decision will be felt everywhere throughout the territory, and endless trouble seems in store. It is thought by many that in equity some ruling must apply to town lots, when 600 or 700 persons in Guthrie alone will be affected. If it does not, then when other parts of the territory are opened, whole cities may be expected to spring up before the opening day.

Alternating Current System.

Suits are to be commenced by the Westinghouse Electric company against all using the alternating current system. The Westinghouse people claim the exclusive right to use this system, having purchased the invention and patents from the inventor and patentee, Mr. Daskin Kennedy, of Glasgow. Now that the patent has been issued Mr. Westinghouse proposes to prosecute the claim. Suits will be commenced at once. The Thompson-Houston, the Fort Wayne Jenney and the Brush electric company are all using the invention. The question involved is one of great importance to these companies and the litigation promises to be long and bitter.

Will Fall Through.

From dispatches from Indian Territory it is learned that the proposed sale of the Cherokee strip to the United States is likely to fail. The United States Commissioners, Wilson, Hartranft and Fairchild, will reach Tahlequah the 28th, and Chief Mayes will doubtless call a special session of the Cherokee legislature to consider their proposition and also the offer of the live stock company which now holds the strip under a lease which they want extended for 10 years. The Cherokees claim to hold a government patent for the strip and say they must have a big price if they sell.

WON'T AGREE.

The Minnesota Chippewas Won't Sell the Red Lake Lands.

It seems that the rejoicing at Red Lake Falls, Minnesota, over the success of the commissioners appointed to negotiate with the Minnesota Chippewas under the Nelson bill was in vain, as it is not a sure thing by any means that the Indians at White Earth will assent to the terms of the bill.

In order to open the Red Lake reservation to settlement the consent of two-thirds of all the adult male Chippewas in Minnesota must be obtained. This clause, which was evidently intended to insure the success of the bill as to the Red Lake reservation, may defeat its object. The commission has been in session at White Earth one week and progress toward securing the signatures of the Indians is slow.

As a part of the proceedings the Indians insist upon placing on the records the commissioners' construction of the bill. Two of the educated mixed bloods have been appointed by the tribe as a committee to report upon the commission in reference to the bill, and it is evident that the tribe will be guided largely by whatever conclusion the former may arrive at.

One of these men is strongly opposed to the bill, and is desirous of seeing it defeated in order that the agreement made with the North Western Treaty commission three years ago may be ratified. The other man was one of the leaders of the opposition to that agreement and is inclined to be favorable to the bill.

IN A NICE BOX.

Indiana School Fund Cost the People Nine Per Cent.

At last the state officers of Indiana have succeeded in negotiating the sale of the $3,900,000 of bonds issued for the purpose of refunding the school fund loan. The discovery has been made, however, that the state will lose $117,000 annually instead of gaining that much by the transaction, owing to a peculiar provision of the act authorizing the refunding of the loan.

It was the purpose of the legislature to reduce the interest just one-half, in addition to which the counties should loan the fund on real estate security at 6 per cent., thus giving the farmers the advantage of borrowing home money at a low rate. It is found that the law requires that the counties shall pay 6 per cent. for all of the funds apportioned to them, which, with the 3 per cent. paid by the state, really makes the school fund interest 9 per cent. instead of 6, the amount paid heretofore. State Auditor Carr says that there is no remedy for the matter until the meeting of the legislature in 1891.

AN AIR SHIP.

Jules Verne Don't Cut Any Figure in This Progressive Age.

The Aerial Exhibition association has been organized in Boston, with C. M. Ransom, treasurer; R. N. Bowlby, chairman, and Charles B. Basford, chairman of the board of trustees. The object of the association is to assist Dr. A. De Bausset to construct a steel air ship upon the vacuum principle.

The ship is to be constructed entirely of thin steel plates of the strongest possible tensile strength, and thoroughly braced inside by a new development in mechanics, to resist the pressure of the atmosphere when a partial vacuum is obtained.

It is expected to lift 200 passengers and 50 tons of mail or other matter, and also to carry all the machinery and apparatus, with electrical power sufficient to give a speed to the ship of at least 70 miles an hour. Dr. De Bausset has appied for permission to build the ship at the Charleston navy yard. The cost is expected to be $250,000.

Dr. De Bausset claims that his plans are approved by the most eminent scientists and engineering experts in this country.

Recent Fire Losses.

On July 16, in Fort Wayne, Ind., the extensive French brewery, $350,000; in Philadelphia, the Schuylkill Paper mill, $80,000; in Chicago, establishment of the Chicago coffee company, $50,000; in Shell Rock, Iowa, July 17, seven business buildings, $40,000; in Lowell, the stables of the Lowell horse railroad, the Hotel Belmont and other buildings, $150,000; forest fires in Multnomah county, Ore., have done damage to the amount of $750,000; in Columbus, O., July 18, halt a large business block, $80,000; in Butler, Ind., the car shops of the Wabash road, $100,000. In Bradford, Pa., July 19, the Eagle Valley tannery.

Recent Deaths.

On July 16, in Washington, Morris Peters, the photo-lithographer, who has been so long in the employ of the government, aged 50; in Northern Georgia, Charles H. Bolman, of the National Fish commission; in Overbrook, Pa., Very Rev. Charles A. Corcoran, one of the most learned Catholics in this country, aged 70; Signor Michele Attardi, Orientalist, is dead at Florence, aged 83; Princess Augusta, sister to the Queen of Denmark, is dead; in New Brunswick, N. J., John C. Elmendorf, a leading New Jersey lawyer, aged 75.

Two Thousand Three Hundred Miles With His Ship Burning.

The steamer Hawkhurst, which sailed 2,300 miles on her last voyage